THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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FIDDLING IN A ROME ON FIRE

[**Mr. Mikhail Naimy,** the mystical story-teller, is well known to readers of THE ARYAN PATH and members of the Indian Institute of World Culture. In this Guest-Editorial he writes with a characteristic intense simplicity: if we desire peace, let us "fan up those passions of the heart that make for peace among men." — ED.]

UNNERVED to the point of hysteria by constant threats of a war of annihilation, the peoples of the present world are clamouring for peace. Heretofore peace in the human dictionaries meant a breathing spell between two wars. Such spells were usually secured by verbose pacts solemnly signed by leaders of warring camps after much wrangling, bickering and underhand work, to be just as solemnly renounced a few years later.

The war of the future, however, shall carry away all the living; so say those who claim to know. There shall be none left to want a breathing spell. Either peace, or death — there is no other alternative. Since mankind prefers to live, it is with one voice crying for peace. Who would say that the cry was not most natural, healthy, sincere and deserving of a prompt response?

Yet the ears of those who should be the first to hear, and who alone can act, seem to be most sluggish, if not deaf. They are stuffed with the rubbish of the diplomacy of pre-atomic days which cannot think of peace except in terms of breathing spells to be caught and encaged in long-winded treaties drawn up at international conferences after endless bouts of clever forensics and torrents of pharisaic philanthropy. In other words, they approach the problem of *permanent* peace exactly as their predecessors approached the problem of breathing spells between wars which were not wars of annihilation. With the world dancing on a volcano they would sit at one conference after another and pour out cascades of beautiful

oratory in praise of peace, manœuvring all the while for a questionable advantage to one side and a sure disadvantage to the other.

Where do the leaders of the world look for permanent peace? Exactly where their predecessors looked and failed. And that is the tragedy. They seem to believe that disarmament and demobilization, partial or total, would chase away for ever the spectre of war, provided the details of the procedure were carefully worked out and embodied in an appropriate treaty. But so far they have not been able to agree on the details. And how can they agree when each side accuses the other of insincerity and bad faith? But disagreements in the past did not mean the total ruin of mankind; whereas not to agree on peace today is sure to spell the final doom of the human race.

It is a great pity, indeed, that Man, who has found the key into the heart of the atom, has not yet found the key into his own heart. For in the human heart alone is the solution of the riddle of war and peace. In that uncanny pomegranate stocked with all manner of passions, are to be found, side by side, the seeds of war and the seeds of peace. To have war you need but fan the passions of hatred, jealousy, distrust, envy and greed for power and wealth. To have peace you need but tap the incalculably rich deposits of human love, compassion, trust, sympathy, together with the sense of fairness and human dignity.

If mankind be truly desirous of having permanent peace, let it pool to that end its immense resources of propaganda. In the final analysis wars are made by words much more than by arms and soldiers. Arms, even the most deadly, and soldiers, even the most courageous, are impotent without words. It is the magic of words that stirs up and fans human passions. Instead of controlling arms, control the radio, the press, the screen, the pulpit, the legislative rostrum and all the other agencies capable of influencing human hearts and minds. Let such agencies fan up those passions of the heart that make for peace among men. Let them refrain from stirring up the ugly sediments that make for war. It is as easy to bless as to curse. A poisoned word is more deadly than a poisoned shaft.

That, in my judgment, is the road to the peace we all crave. To seek other roads by endless cunning and manœuvring is to fiddle in a Rome on fire.

MIKHAIL NAIMY

THE BEGGAR MOTHER

[**Mr. Ernest V. Hayes** wrote in our June issue a thoughtful article on "Doldrums in Religion." Of this lightly-worded but moving story he writes: "The story is based on an actual incident of my young days, the only imaginative touch being the old biddy's sight of her son at the end."—ED.]

I DID NOT GO TO IRELAND very often in the days of my more active and youthful life. On each occasion of a visit, something happened more than the mere visit. I went twice for a holiday and twice on a lecture-tour. I paid my own fare from Liverpool to Dublin on these two occasions and spent three or four days in the Irish city and in Belfast. I cannot say those responsible for receiving me (after I had paid my own fare) were very radiant; perhaps I should have put myself up at a hotel and paid for my own hospitality. For it is curious, the reverses you get in travelling, upsetting all the legends of this and that you may have inherited, which fall sadly to pieces in your actual experiences, though it would be surely unwise to take a few contacts of your own as representing the genius of the whole country. But I formed several links with the ordinary people met in the streets and other public places, and these friends took a liking to me, without knowing me at all, or anything of my oratory. In fact, they claimed me—"You're Irish yourself, surely"—which was a great honour.

Maternally, I derive from the Isle, and my mother might have been known as "Rose of Tralee," had the song been written during her lifetime. She died when I was three, and while I cannot say I remember her in the clumsy way we remember through the brain, I loved her, and I met with her in dreams, though I could not have told you what she looked like when I woke up. So when I was in Dublin, it was not Blackrock at Brighton I was reminded of, but Tralee was in my mind, though I was not able to go there. One day, perhaps, I may die there—and that should be a great pleasure to me, and, for all I know to the contrary, to one or two others.

On the first occasion I was in Dublin—the very first day, in fact—I went in to look over a large church. When I came out, there was an old woman crouched on the steps. She and her clothes, no doubt, had seen better days. I supposed her to be in her late seventies, but old Irish women look older than they are, and when they reach the age you thought they were they look no older. My mother would have been in her late seventies, had she long survived the birth of me; I think my mother must have been as pretty in her young days as this old woman had been, now

crouching on the church steps. She looked at me. Others had passed her, going into the church or coming out, and she hadn't seemed to take any notice of them. But she asked me straightway for alms. And she straightway received more than I think she had expected from one person. For I am talking of the days before the War, when sixpence was sixpence and not a decimal point of a sixpence as in these inflated times. This old woman called blessings on me and promised to say "heaps of prayers" for me. Though I do not know, even now, how many prayers go to a heap, I found a letter for me at the house where I was lodged, containing good news. For it cannot be denied that the best news a man can get is financial news—but, alas! often too rare. In the evening I went back to the church for the old woman who might be Mother. She was there, and she said she was waiting for me. A hard-faced sceptic—who would not have tested sixpence on her, in any case—would have suggested that she was on the lookout, and would have said the same pleasing words to any soft-hearted person. Never mind. I gave her another sixpence. And she called me "Son." You may not believe me, but there was another letter next morning, and it enclosed a nice cheque from a very kind-hearted Editor. Whether she had finished one heap and started on another—at sixpence a heap—I could not be sure.

I went along to the same church that morning, and she was truly waiting for me; you could see it in her face. I took her to a little café kind of place for a meal; kind of "Once you dine here, you'll never dine anywhere else"; not lacking in nourishment, if you can get what I mean, but a little short of consideration. So we talked. She had the second sight, and she described my mother. The name was right, and I could not verify the details of her features and colouring. It sounded very much like a feminine edition of myself, if that does not seem too Irish.

"It was from Tralee she came, to marry a gay English soldier—no, he was a Scot, for he had the kilts on, but he was born in London. That hadn't spoiled him at all, and he looked a fine feller as ever a silly gal could go to the end of the world with. There were three of 'em, three men. Colour Sergeants they were and comrades but not otherwise related. But the three gals were sisters and a fine weddin' they had altogether. An' in this city too, at the Cathedral. And then she went round a good bit of the world with him, and if she threw a heavy brass candlestick at him when she once lost her temper, she never let him down in the way that is done these days...."

And I knew by that time that she was not describing my mother but the grandmother, who had put grandfather into a hospital to receive a

few stitches—only two or three—and that sad mishap had not diminished his love for her one iota. I did not set her right, for the point was a small one. For who knows how much the grandparents can be in a son, having by-passed the parents?

The old woman passed a hand over her forehead and then her eyes as if the second sight worried her a little. For I had no doubt she saw, and if a fastidious person were to complain that she was not seeing very accurately, neither do we for the most part with the first sight. The old woman was grieved that I was not to be in Dublin for a long time. That could be explained on material grounds. But she said to me: "I've always wanted to meet my son."

"Did you lose a son?" I asked her.

She clutched at herself, where the maternal fountains are. "Yes," she said—and no more. But her glance for me was motherly, for all her years and her neglect.

There had been a great rain for some hours, but in the evening—for we were together all that day—the sunset was gold tumbling among the undischarged clouds. I had to leave her for an evening lecture engagement. Where would she sleep? Had she a room of some sort? And I called her Mother because I wanted her to have confidence in me. There was a lodging-house she could go to, if she had the money. I could do no better than give her the money—and a bit over. As we sat in the café, she tapped her ten fingers on the table between us. "Playing the piano?" I queried.

"I used to," she said. "In the old days. Quite fine at it I was. An' the tears will start in me eyes when I think of it."

"I wish you were staying here," she said at parting. "I could clean up your room for you if you had one. For it's a lot youse doin' for me, surely."

"Can I see you tomorrow?" I asked her. "I shall be going up to Belfast in the afternoon." I thought I could cash the cheque that had been sent to me and so help her a little more. For if her heap of prayers had brought it (unexpected though hoped for) it was clear that she ought to have a small return to encourage her in other heaps that she might feel inclined to make.

"You could meet me here, for they all know me," she said. "But it's scared I am of the morror, not knowing. Ask 'em here if you don't see me."

"I went to the café the next morning and I had money on me. She was not there. She had collapsed in the street the previous night. Heart. But her eyes had looked out and lit up at a vision none else could see and her

face had become radiant. "I can see my son. It's money he has for me after all this long time. An' I'm never to want agen...." And so she passed.

E. V. HAYES

THE FLOWERING MOMENT

SOME people suddenly become conscious of a wonderful sense of happiness. This has happened to me from time to time. Such an experience seldom comes when sought but at odd moments when I may be engaged in some humdrum task. It is all the more beautiful for the contrast. One of my most frequent experiences of this nature is the feeling that there is a mysterious unseen presence in the room with me. There is a strange fragrance, a sense of physical and spiritual well-being which is almost impossible to describe. All my cares disappear and pleasure as the world knows it seems comparatively futile. At such times I often feel impelled to write a poem. Why are such experiences only vouchsafed to some people? Well, if we do not believe in miracles they will never happen to us. To have such experience a strict code of self-discipline is necessary. If we give way to our weaknesses of character we shall be less sensitively attuned. That is why sick people sometimes seem radiantly happy. The world's temptations no longer have any power over them and they are able to "tune in" to the unseen world around them.

Many people fear solitude. Yet it is often during moments of solitude that the saint, the mystic, the poet and the philosopher achieve the pinnacle of inspiration. That is why early morning and late at night are most conducive to meditation and creative work. The wheels of the workaday world are stilled and silence becomes more eloquent than music.

Some people have used drugs in an effort to achieve a receptive and hypersensitive state of mind conducive to the ecstasy of the mystics. I do not entirely condemn this method, but I do not think such artificial stimulation is wise.

We still know very little about our minds. Psychology, psychiatry and psychical research are in their infancy. The mind is the "radio set" through which the soul operates. The more we discover about our minds the more we realize what marvellous instruments they are. Telepathy is already an established fact. We may be on the verge of more exciting discoveries than telepathy which will shed a light upon the intriguing darkness at present shrouding some of our most magical moments.

As Hamlet says, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

HERBERT BLUEN

THE GREAT GURU ARYA-ASANGA

[THIS ESSAY written in a deep traditional feeling is from the pen of **The Rt. Rev. Friedrich V. Lustig**, *in ecclesia* Acharya Ananda Maitreya, High Priest and Buddhist Vicar for Estonia, Deputy Sangharaja for Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. In exile from his native country, he resides at the Shwedagon Pagoda in Rangoon and remains the assistant, secretary and disciple of the exiled Buddhist Archbishop of Latvia, The Most Rev. Karlis A. M. Tennisons.

Madame Blavatsky, with her profound and special knowledge, remarks in her *Theosophical Glossary* that there were two Aryasanghas (as the name is often rendered) — the founder of the first Yogācāra school and a later Buddhist writer.—ED.]

IN THE LONG HISTORY of India the great Guru Arya-Asanga has a place of honour. Regarded as founder of the Vijnānavāda or Yogācāra school of Buddhism, he presented the Dharma in the most splendid manner. He united vast knowledge and spiritual power with a strong desire to save those sentient beings who were still involved in the circle of rebirths and re-dyings. He had a noble countenance, and was a perfect *Yogin* and seer of the Beyond.

The celebrated Guru Arya-Asanga was born in the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian Era in the Purushapura Kingdom of Northern India in the city known today as Peshawar. The father of Arya-Asanga was a royal Brahmana of the Kaushika family. And his mother was a very pious Buddhist lady. Her name was Prasannashila, and by birth she had been of the Brahmana caste.

Before her marriage, Prasannashila often used to say to herself: "I, being a woman, am incapable of preaching the Buddhist Law. But, if I give birth to sons, I will make of them propagators of the Dharma."

Her first son she named Asanga, *i.e.*, "One not in bondage to anything." Arya-Asanga is called in Tibetan Hphags-pa Thogs-med, *i.e.*, "The Noble Unhindered." The second son of Prasannashila was Vasubandhu, which means "a kinsman of wealth." In Tibetan his name is Dbyig-gnen. Vasubandhu, who may be regarded as one of the greatest among the great Gurus who lived after Our Lord Buddha Gautama Shākyamuni, became the twentieth Patriarch of Buddhism.

Prasannashila performed many rites in order to secure for her sons an acute intellectual faculty.

Asanga was endowed with the innate character of a Bodhisattva. He was distinguished for unselfishness, purity, love of equality and peace, and

many other virtues. As a young man, Asanga was ordained a priest in the Sarvāstivādah school of Buddhism. His younger brother Vasubandhu also became a member of the Sangha. But he travelled to Kashmir and studied there Abhidharma (the Buddhist metaphysics) under the Buddhist High Priest Sanghabhadra, author of many philosophical works.

As a *bhikshu,* Arya-Asanga assiduously practised meditation, without even the slightest diversion or distraction, but he found no satisfaction in the doctrine of *Nairatmya* (in Pali *Anatta*) and Nirvāṇa according to the Hinayāna school of Buddhism. He comprehended well that the transcendental existence of the empirical Ego must be rejected, but he found it rather difficult to accept the materialistic concept of the elements of the Hinayanists.

In extreme mental anguish, Arya-Asanga was about to commit suicide. But at the critical moment, so says the old tradition, Arhat Pindola (the first of the group of sixteen Arhats telepathically propagating Buddhism), who was then in Purvavideha (the Eastern Continent), having perceived this, came to Arya-Asanga and comforted him. Arya-Asanga decided to continue his study of the Buddhist meditation and took up his abode in a cave at Kukkutapādaparvata or "Cock's Foot Mountain" in Magadha, the site where the Venerable Mahā-Kashyapa, the first Patriarch of Buddhism, entered into the Nirvānic state. Here the illustrious Asanga resolved to seek the assistance of the glorious Bodhisattva Maitreya, the Coming Buddha. Now for three years, with fervour and humility, Arya-Asanga made his propitiation, but as he failed to notice the slightest sign of success, he was deeply saddened.

The subsequent events in Asanga's life are described as follows by the famous Tibetan historian Bu-ston (born-in C. E. 1288 at Thophug, near Tashi Lhumpo, Tibet) in his *History of Buddhism in India and Tibet*:—

> Having gone out, he [the great Guru Arya-Asanga] saw an old man who was making needles out of a pole of iron by rubbing it with a piece of cotton. "How have the needles been produced?" asked he. The old man replied:
>
> If a man possessed of moral strength
> Wishes to accomplish something,
> He never meets with failure,
> However difficult the work may be.
> If he does not lose his patience,
> He can break mountains with the palm of his hand.
>
> Accordingly, Asanga continued his propitiation for another six years, and thus spent altogether nine years in his meditation. Then he went out

and saw how a rock was slowly destroyed by drops of water and by the wings of birds that always touched it in their flight. But, after he had practised *sadhana* for twelve years and saw no sign of success he became full of violent sorrow and went out again. As he was about to go away, he observed a dog; the lower part of its body was eaten by worms, but the upper part was still free and it was barking and biting. Asanga became full of commiseration and, considering that if he were to remove the worms, the latter would perish, he became resolved to cut flesh from his own body and take off the worms by attracting them with it. Thereupon, he proceeded to the town called Achinta and, having pledged his mendicant's staff, obtained a golden knife. With this he cut off some flesh from his body. Then, thinking that if he took off the worms with his hand they would nevertheless die, he shut his eyes and was about to take them off with his tongue. At that moment the dog disappeared, and he beheld Maitreya (the Future Buddha), full of radiance. And thus did he address Him: "O my Father, my Unique Refuge, I have exerted myself in a hundred different ways. But nevertheless no result was to be seen. Wherefore have the rain-clouds and the might of the Ocean come only now when, tormented by excruciating pain, I am no longer thirsting? With such effects have I tried to propitiate Thee, but not even a sign did appear. Scant is therefore Thy compassion"—in such a manner did he reproach Lord Maitreya. The Glorious One replied.

> Though the King of the Gods sends down rain,
> A bad seed is unable to grow;
> Though the Buddhas may appear in this world
> He who is unworthy cannot partake of the bliss.

I was here from the very beginning, but thou couldst not see me, owing to thy own obscurations. Now, as great Compassion has become originated in thee, thou hast become purified and canst now behold Me....

The Buddhist legends relate how thereupon Arya-Asanga rose up to the Tushita Realm and listened there to the exposition by the glorious Bodhisattva Arya Maitreya of the mysterious Mahāyāna Texts and how he became fully enlightened. What Asanga could not understand formerly now became fully intelligible to him.

All the important points clarified by Bodhisattva Maitreya are embodied in five celebrated works of the great Guru Arya-Asanga. Since elucidation is supposed to have come directly from Maitreya, the Tibetan Buddhists often call these works of Arya-Asanga the "Five Works of Maitreya."

These famous five treatises are:—(1) The *Mahāyāna Sūtrālamkara-Tika* (in Tibetan briefly *Mdo-sde-rgyan*); (2) The *Madhyānta-Vibhanga* (in

Tibetan *Dbus-mthah-rnam-hbyed*); (3) The *Dharma-Dharmata-Vibhanga* (in Tibetan *Chos-dang-chos-nyid-rnam-hbyed*); (4) The *Abhisamayalamkara* (in Tibetan *Mngon-rtogs-rgyan*); and (5) The *Uttaratantra* (in Tibetan *Rgyud-bla-ma*).

There is precision in these works and conceptual clarity, such as may please a Buddhist scholiast or an academician. But Arya-Asanga was not only a deep philosopher. He was also a Sanskrit poet of outstanding merit.

Says Arya-Asanga in his *Uttaratantra* :—

> As, in summer time, the clouds,
> The cause of an abundant harvest,
> Discharge, without any effort,
> Their torrents of water upon the earth,—
> In a like way, from the clouds of Compassion
> The rain of the waters of the Lord's Highest Doctrine
> Is the cause of the harvest of virtue with sentient beings,
> And descends without any searching thought.

It is also said that the great Guru Arya-Asanga heard from Bodhisattva Arya Maitreya the grand *Yogāchārya-Bhūmi-Shāstra,* in five sections, or 45,000 *shlokas*. The famous Buddhist High Priest Hsuan-chuang, the Tripitaka-Master of the Tang Dynasty, translated the above *Shāstra* into Chinese in the years 646 and 647 of the Christian Era. This very precious *Shāstra* contains a description of the Buddhist Yoga, and of the various lofty stages one successively attains through it. Actually seventeen grades of Yoga practising are described. The *Yogāchārya-Bhūmi-Shāstra* is included in the Peking *Tripitaka* under No. 1210.

Also important for the understanding of Arya-Asanga's philosophy is his work entitled *Mahāyāna-Samparigraha Shāstra,* in three volumes, translated from Sanskrit into Chinese by the Buddhist High Priest Paramārtha in the year 563 of the Christian Era. In English the name of this work would be "The Instruction in the Comprehension of the Great Vehicle."

For the benefit of the students of the Abhidharma literature Arya-Asanga wrote the *Mahāyāna-Abhidharma-Samyukta-Saṅgāti-Shāstra,* in sixteen volumes. This *Shāstra* was translated from Sanskrit into Chinese by Hsuan-chuang (also written Hsuan Tsang).

In his work *Prakarana-Aryavāchā* the great Asanga describes the moral and practical aspects of his system. This *Shāstra,* in twenty volumes, on expounding the Holy Teaching was also translated into Chinese by Hsuan-chuang in the years 645–646 of the Christian Era.

In his *Mahāyāna-Samgraha* Arya-Asanga explains the ten qualities of

the words of Lord Buddha. This work is now available only in the Tibetan language under the name *Theg-Pa Chen-Po Bsdus-Pa*. Another treatise of the great Guru Arya-Asanga, known today only in Tibetan translation, is the *Mahāyāna-Uttara-Tantra Shāstra-Vyakhya*, known in the Tibetan tradition by the abridged title *Thogs-Hgrel*, or *Asanga-Vrtti*.

It was the illustrious Arya-Asanga who established *Yogāchāra* as a powerful school in Buddhism, with mystical and profound views on salvation.

Most of his treatises he put into writing at the Dharmankurāranya Monastery, in Magadha. Arya-Asanga converted his brother Vasubandhu, the twentieth Patriarch of Buddhism, to Mahāyāna views, but he died before the compilation by Vasubandhu of the latter's famous Mahāyāna works.

The expounder of Buddhist Idealism, Arya-Asanga, who lived in the golden age of the Gupta Empire, passed away at the age of seventy-five in the city of Rājagriha (modern Rajgir), and his disciples built there a *chaitya* in his honour.

The great Guru Arya-Asanga is regarded as one of the most active, brilliant and rightly famous of the Mahāyāna Gurus. He was not only supreme in learning and mystic realization, but was anxious to lead all sentient beings to spiritual maturity. He taught in particular how to get rid of the subtlest blemishes which even in the higher stages of the meditative process veil the pure intuition.

Says Arya-Asanga:—

> It is not the suppression of either the atom or of the elements of existence which leads to illumination, but the suppression of the wrong views concerning them.

Arya-Asanga's exposition of the Dharma represents the final phase in the development of Buddhist philosophy in India.

The purpose of many works of Arya-Asanga was to demonstrate that Mind and Matter are essentially one. According to the illustrious Guru, we live in the world of self-generated objectivization of consciousness (in Sanskrit *vijnānam*).

Consciousness was made the subject of a very careful investigation by him. He regarded all mental impressions experienced in *Samsāra* as merely objectified representations of the repository consciousness, though, of course, directly generated by the five consciousnesses, *i.e.* the consciousnesses dependent upon sight, sound, smell, taste and touch. Dependent upon mentation is for him the sixth consciousness, which Arya-Asanga calls *Citta-Vijnānam*. Then there is for him *Mano-Vijnānam*, or the seventh consciousness, which is *Manas* in the sense of "thinking of." This seventh *vijnānam* implies both self-consciousness and subconsciousness, for it acts

during the possession of full normal consciousness and also during sleep. But mind without any differentiation, as the only reality, is called by Asanga "Store-consciousness," *Alaya-Vijnānam*, or the repository consciousness. This eighth *vijnānam* is the absolute, for it is beyond the reach of thought. The belief in the *Atman* and in the external world is mere illusion.

From the twofold seed stored in the *Alaya-Vijnānam* spring up *Samsāra* and *Nirvāna*.

All impressions, irrespective of whether they belong to the mental or the physical sphere, rely on *bijas*, or "seeds," habitual images that were obtained through the instrumentality of the seven *vijnānas* and the mental properties (fifty-one in number). All habits and inclinations are invariably caused by *bijas*. The objective world is created by impressions of some new *bijas* on the *Alaya-Vijnānam* by present experiences or tendencies (*samskāras*).

The objects contained in the *Alaya-Vijnānam* are crystallized in the ego-concept through the seventh *vijnānam*. One could compare the first six *vijnānas*, which ceaselessly perform the sensory functions, to so many gate-keepers posted on the physical eye, ear, etc., that transmit their reports all the time to the secretary (the seventh consciousness—*Mano-vijnānam*), who, in his turn, submits them to the Lord, the *Alaya-Vijnānam*. But the secretary receives orders from the Lord too.

To Arya-Asanga *Prajnā* is the supreme reality. It is the Buddhist wisdom which cancels whatever is mere illusion or mental representation with no real background. But one can face the Absolute only when mind and its operations of all kinds and of every intensity have completely been controlled.

Highly interesting is Arya-Asanga's view of Nirvāṇa. Says the celebrated Guru :—

> The Nirvāṇa which is realized in the Tathāgatas is not a product of karmic forces, *saṃskāra*, nor something different: though they abide in the *nirvāṇic* condition, still they can make their emanations appear in order to benefit sentient beings.

The sense of directness which the gospel of Arya-Asanga carries with it could not but attract many followers to the Guru of distinguished virtues. One is entitled to say that Arya-Asanga's contribution to the understanding of Buddhism was truly immense.

FRIEDRICH V. LUSTIG

TWO BUDDHIST FABLES

[OUR esteemed contributor, **Dr. Sudhin N. Ghose**, renders in his flowing narrative two Buddhist fables which illustrate the doctrines that death does not abruptly cut short the sequence of moral causation and that a being's future states arise in dependence upon his present actions — Reincarnation and Karma. Both Hindu and Buddhist stories often speak of human beings metempsychosed into animals, but this may be understood otherwise than as referring to the truly human consciousness. Theosophy explains that it is certain non-physical components of the personality — *skandhas* — that thus descend to the animal kingdom according to the impresses made upon them, and, as future personalities are aggregates of such *skandhas*, moral retribution for tendencies has a secure lodgment under our skins. But the animals' speaking with human voices, etc., must be regarded as purely figurative.— ED.]

AT TIMES incidents of no great significance to the plain man furnished themes for edifying homilies or apothegms to the Buddhist preachers, as is evinced in the fables given below. In the first one, a buffalo stopped for a while before a Buddhist friar: "Perhaps, because," a rationalist would say, "his yellow robe attracted the animal's attention." And in the second one, a surly dog ran out of a house to bark at a Mendicant Brother and then slunk back to its corner when reprimanded for its irreverent behaviour.

A TALKING BUFFALO

This is what I heard once in Kashmir:

A buffalo was struggling violently as it was being led by at least a dozen people through the capital's main street; but it became calm the moment it noticed a yellow-robed friar standing near the doorway of a side alley. Then all of a sudden it broke loose and ran to him lowing most plaintively.

The friar talked to it and patted it on the back, and then withdrew, covering his face and murmuring, "How sad! My poor, poor friend!"

The animal now docilely allowed itself to be led away, while the people of the street flocked round the friar. "Holy Father!" they addressed him, "What made you say, 'How sad! My poor, poor friend!' What has happened?"

"My sons," he replied, "this is not a thing to be discussed in public. It is a matter which concerns only those who have faith. They alone will understand the import of my brief conversation with the buffalo."

They, however, pressed him for an explanation: what did he actually whisper in the ear of the animal?

"It is a long story," the friar said finally. "And you may not be able to follow it. In brief, there was once in this city a man I knew well. He was a merchant-prince of an ancient family."

"Oh yes," they all said. "He must be the man who once instituted a big *puja*—a great sacrificial ceremony. He left an immense endowment for perpetual worship in our main park. His sons are dutifully carrying on the ceremonies he started."

"Precisely," the friar continued. "That's precisely what the buffalo told me. And it added that if the sons had the slightest regard for their dead father they would immediately stop this holocaust. For this very merchant-prince has now been reborn as the sacrificial buffalo. "As a man sows," the friar kept on, with a sigh, "so shall he reap. Therefore I said, as I patted the animal, 'My friend, you started the game of lighting the sacrificial fire, now why should you complain? Go through the grill, and that is the best you can hope for at present.' Our moanings," he ended, "our groanings won't help us to rectify our past misdeeds. We shall have to face the consequences."

However that may be, the story of the talking buffalo soon spread all over the city and it eventually brought to an end the constant slaughter of animals in the capital's main park.

THE STORY OF SUKA'S DOG

This is what I have heard when the Exalted One—the Lord Buddha—was staying in Victory Grove, a suburb of the city of Sravasti:

Once a mendicant brother on his usual morning round stood hesitatingly in front of Suka's house, wondering whether he should halt for a while or simply walk on without stopping.

Suka was a miser's son and a renowned miser himself. "Yet," the mendicant brother said to himself, "no man, however mean, should be denied the privilege of giving something towards the upkeep of our brotherhood's retreat."

Suka's dog was then lying on a mattressed bed, enjoying its food served in a rich, chiselled bowl. The sight of the yellow-robed brother at the front gate put the animal in ill humour, and it ran towards him barking furiously and snarling viciously.

At this the mendicant brother told the dog, "Look, once you used to yell, 'You! You!' Now all that you can do is to yelp, 'Wow! Wow!' Is that not lesson enough?"

At this the dog became mad with rage; nevertheless it stopped barking and sulked back in a crestfallen manner to a far corner of the house. And

there it moped and fumed, refusing its toothsome food and its comfortable bed.

When Suka returned home he was distressed to find his pet in such a dejected condition. He asked what had happened, and when told about the yellow-robed mendicant's remarks his temper rose. He stormed: he did not care a cent for Buddha's Begging Brothers, the mendicants were a lot of sycophants; and he went straight to their retreat. There he insisted on an explanation, addressing our brother in an insulting way.

"Listen, son!" the mendicant brother replied gently, "If I were you I would not push this matter too far. Leave things as they are, and forget about my stopping in front of your house."

"I am not you," Suka cried. "If you were the master of the dog you would not have behaved any differently. What right have you to insult my pet in my own home? What do you know about the poor dog's past to enable you to jeer at it?"

As Suka was insistent our brother told him that his much spoiled pet was no other than his own father reborn as a dog. And that was why Suka was so much attached to it, lodged it and fed it in a luxurious manner, and did not mind making himself the laughingstock of the whole neighbourhood for its sake.

This made Suka blind with fury. "Adding insult to injury," he shrieked. "Enough of your cock-and-bull story! My father was a hard-working man, not a sycophant like you living on charity. Now that he is dead he has gone to heaven. What makes you think that my pet is my forbear reborn?"

"The dog admitted this of its own accord," the yellow-robed brother said. "You will probably recall that your hard-working father had the habit of addressing his men as 'You! You!' in an insolent way. This will explain my remarks to your dog."

"This is no proof," Suka screeched. "Can a dog talk?"

"It can," the brother replied quietly, "in its own way. At least your dog can. It did to me. Please go now and talk to it about your visit to this retreat. And ask it to reveal to you your father's hidden treasure trove. Tell it also, they alone go to heaven who merit heaven, those who ask for heaven and strive for heaven. Your father did nothing of the sort. He was a miser," he continued, "and all his life he had his eye on his treasure chest. And that is what he is doing now in his present shape. Even when he was on his deathbed he did not want you to know the whereabouts of his accumulated hoard. Well, I think his mood has changed at last. Go," he enjoined Suka, "talk to your dog, and see what happens."

Suka did as he was told, and the dog did reveal to him the hidden

treasure trove: it was buried under the flagstones of the corner where the animal was moping. However, in spite of his coming across this unexpected wealth, Suka did not feel happy. He wished he had never bothered to learn anything of the dog's past. The mere thought of being the son of a dog was most galling.

SUDHIN N. GHOSE*

THE HALF-WAY FIELD

She told me of the strange ones
in the half-way field
that lies between the high skies
and the weald.
She writes in sorrow of their grief
when their trees are felled to earth,
of their faces through the sallows —
(Where the fancy? Where the birth?)

I answer her with gentleness,
derision dare not flaunt,
for in past corridors of time
elusive memories taunt
with clouded pictures, half erased,
from firelight, air and dew,
of entities that did at times
a child's awareness haunt.

ODETTE TCHERNINE

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THE MODERN MEANING OF LOCAL HISTORY

[**Mr. E. W. Martin,** a historian and sociologist and the author of several books, writes of the new methods of studying local history in England. By linking it to the larger history of the nation and by investing facts with "poetic fire," scholars have given to this study a value it lacked before.—ED.]

HISTORY may be most satisfactorily defined as human inquiry. The methods by which this systematic inquiry is conducted have varied greatly; and the most noticeable advances in scholarship throughout many countries have arisen from certain kinds of specialization within the accepted boundaries of scientific exactitude and historical imagination. Local history has been carried forward on this wave of intellectual curiosity. It is due to an intensive study of parishes, towns and regions that general interest has been aroused and scholars forced to attend to the findings of those whose job it is to know parts so intimately that they begin to get a greater apprehension of the whole.

The approach of a scholar like Professor Arnold Toynbee, author of that monumental survey of civilizations, *A Study of History,* differs in his methods from the author of a modest parish history. One uses a telescope and the other a microscope; and it is becoming increasingly evident that both are necessary if the history of man and his environment are to be fully understood in all their immense complexity. So deep and dark is the historical forest that every kind of specialist is required to contribute his special quota to the great pool of information which is available to all students.

In Britain during the nineteenth century there was an interest in local matters which led to the constant production of monographs on all kinds of subjects. A mass of leisured inquiries dealt with ancient monuments, heraldry, folklore, the lineage of ancient families and the history of manors and churches. These inquirers were antiquarians rather than historians. In the proper sense history is a factual interpretation of human life and thought, and it can never degenerate into an imitation of life, a spurious representation of certain prized attributes, without losing its own sense of dedication and discipline.

Often these older writers were clergymen, squires or land-owners, lawyers or doctors—people of leisure and social prestige who did not desire to work very hard or dig very deeply in their analyses. They simply

prepared notes on matters that evoked their interest or to which they felt an abiding attachment; and therefore the local history of Britain remains as yet largely unwritten.

A modern historian has said:—

> Local historians have not yet succeeded in emancipating themselves completely from the tradition of the great antiquaries of the past. Valuable as their monumental works were, and are, they remain enormous collections of fact, the raw materials for history and not history itself. Many local historians go on writing in this tradition, without perceiving the fundamental questions which they should be engaged in answering.[1]

Such students did not often concentrate on the human but were content to give their time to dead facts without ever attempting to bring a disciplined imagination to bear on them. This formal study of the picturesque and the conventional could not produce good results. Too many of the nineteenth-century scholars were content to ignore the working people. Villagers, who had a folk-culture of their own and had mastered many crafts in their efforts to keep their communities and families alive, were described as quaint by those who looked upon them almost as specimens in a museum. Inquirers failed to see that the problems of local history were no less important or complex than those of national or general history. Local studies therefore had to undergo a profound change. At first this was mainly an academic matter. Universities in Britain came gradually to a recognition of the fact that the disorderly approach to local life, work and government was a serious mistake.

In 1908 a Research Fellowship in Local History was established at Reading University (where there is now also a Museum of Rural Life); in 1921 University College, London, also appointed a Reader in the same subject; and in 1930 University College of Hull set up a Committee to begin studying the area served by the College. A Staff Tutor in Local History has been employed there since 1949. The University of Leicester has the distinction of being the only English University with a Department of Local History.

Another sign of growth, even at the end of the last century, was the planning of the famous *Victoria County History*. This massive project, designed to cover every county in England, was temporarily halted during the First World War; and in 1933 the University of London took over responsibility for this venture. Up to now a dozen or so volumes have been published; and even if the work suffers a little from its over-all plan,

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[1] *Local History in England*. By W. G. Hoskins. 1959.

it does indicate that there is a responsible desire to pursue studies that demand strict scholarship and immense industry.

The modern meaning of local history involves a separation from the methods and values of the past in several ways. Firstly, local historians are now well aware that they must acquire a full knowledge of their national sources—of documents and records stored in museums and public archives—in order to interpret local material as part of a whole. The central and local government of any country is interconnected, and so all local studies have to show the widest possible knowledge of that link. Secondly, modern historians of parishes, towns or regions are not content merely to study records. They look carefully at the general lay-out of their area—studying place-names, the habits of people, the geography, geology, archæology and architecture—by walking over the land that it is their job to understand.

Probably the most important difference between antiquaries of the past and local historians of the present is that the former worked haphazardly and the latter arrange their studies methodically. Nowadays the local historian cannot be certain of capturing the interest of even a few people unless he takes the trouble to be interesting, scholarly and lucid. He must also be in a position to answer questions as to how a town or village developed or declined, what its population was in the past or what happened to people who migrated from rural areas in times of economic distress. To do any of these things in a methodical way is a major undertaking and it entails the sort of research work and kind of exact observation which the antiquaries of the past did not practise or cultivate.

What is of first importance in studying a parish, town or region is a unified approach, a method by which all people of the most diverse kinds can become aware of the substantial growth of a world culture such as that which UNESCO might be said partially to symbolize. There is a definite relation between intensive study of local cultures and the extensive study of world culture. To write a history of mankind in a detailed and impartial fashion there will have to be a continuous co-operation between the two types of history. Full illumination of the big themes of civilization can only come about in this way.

For such reasons local history can never be looked upon as an elementary study to be practised by ill-equipped amateurs. In Britain today there are many amateur students who are doing excellent work in local studies; and many adult education classes give their full attention to subjects of this kind. For all practitioners the main objective is a unity of vision.

Dr. H. P. R. Finberg, Head of the Department of Local History in the

University of Leicester, has described precisely the function of the local historian who works in a disciplined way, and has also proclaimed the aims of a new school of local history:

> The business of the local historian, then, as I see it, is to re-enact in his own mind, and to portray for his readers, the Origin, Growth, Decline and Fall of a Local Community. If this principle is accepted, it becomes possible to define with something like precision the relationship between his study and other disciplines, whether academic or non-academic.[2]

This process of re-enactment means that the specialist will have to broaden his inquiries so that he becomes capable of representing his community through its many phases. There has been a tendency in rural Britain for villages to decline in number; and thus it is necessary to record the decline and fall of some parishes. But this is not true of all. Some writers begin their studies with a bias in favour, it may be, of architecture, industry, agriculture, rural depopulation or human biography in relation to communal power and social movements. But, whatever the nature of this bias, it has to be disciplined so that the student can gain enough evidence from other specialists to give his own study a broad and general value.

In cultural life nowadays the importance of the individual scholar is still paramount. In Britain there are many industrious historians who can bring to bear on their local material a great weight of factual information. But, as in the study of world or national history, what matters most is the ability to see meaning in the lives and work of people. By attempting to see local communities in terms of their whole life, some writers are now able to get beyond the range of merely technical or economic history.

Not long ago one historian suggested that in the eighteenth century the English people had one characteristic in common: their "refusal to conform."[3] That is, they appeared to be individualists who lived out their lives in a bliss of freedom. All students of local history know this to be untrue. Studies of communities show quite plainly that the human will is often subservient to the communal will. Or, to put it in another way, the individual has to conform in order to live out his life with his neighbours. In the eighteenth century there were groups of working people who had no rights and no status, and their duty was to conform to the laws laid down by the governing class.

All history is a struggle for an approximation to impartiality. What a

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[2] *The Local Historian and His Theme*. 1952.

[3] *An Economic History of England*. By T. S. Ashton. 1955.

scholar is in himself—what his politics, religion and intellectual range may be—is reflected in the work he does. The historians likely to interest posterity are not the compilers of accurate factual records, nor the topographers and technical specialists, but those who can manage to fuse together a mass of facts and invest them with a spark of poetic fire. The truth that glows is more easily remembered than the truth that merely glimmers. It is because there are several scholars in Britain who write in this way, who keep their eyes fixed on people and communities, that the meaning of local history has undergone so complete a revolution. It is a revolution that will bring rewards to Britain and other countries as we begin to see the emergence of more and more cultural exchange.

E. W. Martin

THE HILL

Climb this steep hill at noonday, and behold
The sea a mirror casting back the light,
Feel the warm wind with scent of many flowers
And hands of gossamer caress your brow
And know in sudden revelation that
All grief at last must end, obedient to
The harmony that rules the universe;
Stand here and taste the heady wine of Spring,
Acknowledgment the only payment due,
And lose yourself and all your questionings
In something greater than yourself, grow one
With wind and sea and cloud and field and flower,
The night with its great silence, and the stars,
Accept the mystery you cannot solve,
And in acceptance be revitalized.

Herbert Bluen

"WHO IS SYLVIA?"

[RECALLING an incident in the many-sided career of Sylvia Pankhurst, known chiefly as a protagonist in the Suffragist Movement, **Mr. R. M. Fox** pays tribute to the personal courage and resoluteness of this great woman.— ED.]

WHEN I HEARD that Sylvia Pankhurst—the English suffragette leader—had died in Addis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia, this news opened floodgates of memory. She had supported the Ethiopians in their struggle against Mussolini and his Fascist invaders and had run a little journal in London, for some years, backing their cause. Since 1956 she had lived in Addis Ababa where she was received with honour.

Yet what I remembered had nothing to do with this. My memory of Sylvia Pankhurst went back much further, to those days of the militant crusade to win votes for women. I recall one Sunday in Trafalgar Square, when the stone plinth was decorated with the suffrage colours and crowds gathered in front of the massive lions peacefully surveying the scene. Suddenly a roar of welcome went up and the slight figure of Sylvia Pankhurst, fair-haired, white-faced and defiant, was borne on the shoulders of her supporters to the centre of the square. She had just been released from prison, after hunger striking, and was really too weak to make her voice heard by that immense throng. But her presence was regarded as a symbol.

During those years Sylvia Pankhurst went to prison fifteen times and hunger-struck thirteen times. She was never robust and her health was permanently affected. With her implacable mother, Emmeline Pankhurst, and her sister, Christabel, she took the lead in that suffrage agitation which was ultimately victorious.

Where Sylvia struck out a line of her own was in associating herself with the lives of the lowly-paid workers in the East End of London and making a centre of Socialist thought and social activity there. She started a small journal called *The Workers' Dreadnought* and soon gathered about her a band of devoted helpers. Particularly she made an appeal to the girls and women in this factory area. Soon there were lectures, dances, meetings, and much enthusiasm for progressive ideas.

Among other projects she started a nursery where working mothers could leave their young children during the day in the care of a skilled and capable nurse. If the children needed medical attention Sylvia was able to persuade eminent doctors to give their time and services free.

In London Emmeline Pankhurst has, quite rightly, had a statue erected

in her honour. But there is no statue to Sylvia in London, though, one day, there may be one in Addis Ababa. Yet there are many strong, healthy men and women walking about now who owe their lives and health to the care which Sylvia gained for them when they were children.

Before she was drawn into the suffrage struggle Sylvia was an artist who believed in a full, free and joyous life for humanity. Because of that belief she brought famous singers and musicians to the East End and arranged concerts. She induced well-known actors, such as Miles Malleson, to come and help in her work. Dancing classes were held for the children. The Sylvia Pankhurst Movement grew like a flower amid the East End squalor. Among her colleagues and helpers in the district was George Lansbury who worked in the same field.

My association with her began during the first World War when the North London Daily Herald League, of which I was the Chairman, arranged an anti-war demonstration one Sunday morning in Finsbury Park. We had asked Sylvia Pankhurst to be one of the speakers. Another speaker was Alex Gossip, a grey-haired trade union veteran. The meeting was held at the height of the war fever and there was organized opposition from hundreds of hooligans whipped up to fury by the Jingo press.

Gossip was not allowed to speak for long. The crowd surged forward, the wooden platform toppled and soon there were struggling groups all over the ground. When things had quietened a little, the anti-war supporters joined hands and made a ring while I announced that Sylvia Pankhurst would speak from the ground. She did to such effect that cheers were raised and this attracted the hostile elements again.

A park ranger in uniform came through and advised us to close the meeting for, he said, our lives were not safe. No doubt he exaggerated the danger though we certainly risked a bad beating. Sylvia Pankhurst told him that she had made arrangements to speak at the meeting and, as far as she was concerned, the arrangements still held.

The meeting went on with gathering enthusiasm and growing hostility. When it came to a close the crowd pressed round, forcing the speaker and the knot of supporters towards the main park gates. The pressure was great but Sylvia suddenly announced that she wanted to go in the opposite direction. I was holding a literature box, which I had grabbed early in the struggle and I used this as a wedge to open a way through the dense mass. We made slow progress.

"Get the women out and we can bash the men!" urged an angry voice. Had it not been broad daylight I do not think even this element of chivalry would have been present. But, using the wooden box as a

knife, I made a narrow passage way and we came through unharmed. We saw hundreds of scowling faces before we reached the edge of the crowd. If one had struck out others would have followed. But no one would make a start.

Sylvia was as resolute in face of the mob spirit as she had been in the prison cell during the suffrage days. I pick out this incident not because it was exceptional but because I was associated with it and so was well able to judge of her indomitable spirit. This was a gift which Sylvia Pankhurst possessed and passed on to the world.

R. M. Fox

THERE may be found [in the writings of H. P. Blavatsky and in the written remarks by the Adepts who sent her] the doctrine that by this time in our evolution the egos now in human bodies have been through every sort of experience and both sexes....

If my next birth shall be in the body-female, it is a matter of indifference. It is of record that an ego did very well in the body called Helena P. Blavatsky; and contrariwise, another did well in a body-male called Shankarachariah.

W. Q. JUDGE in 1892

THE HAPPY MORALIST

[**Shri B. Natesan** presents an attractive picture of the cheerful, firm, civilized philosophy of life of Robert Louis Stevenson, with plentiful quotations. Stevenson has often been supposed to lack serious depth; unjustly, as a reader of his short story "Markheim" or his essays must surely feel. There is subtle understanding in the passages Shri Natesan quotes on the traps of asceticism gone wrong and on the dangers of letting "our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts."—ED.]

EXCEPT Shakespeare and Bacon and, of course, the Bible, Robert Louis Stevenson is perhaps the most quotable author in English. After assiduously playing the sedulous ape to many writers—the phrase is his—he cultivated a style of his own—clear, nervous and packed smooth with sensuous beauty and literary allusiveness which charmed his friends and made him the darling of the men of letters of his time. There was the strong, unmistakable Scottish strain in his temperament so evident in the grim humour and homely style of *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island,* but it was beautifully blended with the grace of culture and sensibility born of intimate contact with life in France—a contact which expressed itself in the neatness and precision of the words he handled with such consummate felicity in *Verginibus Puerisque.* There was always something heart-warming and genial in what he said, and he said it in a way that was altogether captivating and precious; precious like Pater's. Extravagant praise from friends and critics, however, had its inevitable reaction, and then, strangely enough, the very exquisiteness of his style was thought to exceed the demands of his matter.

Stevenson began to write these papers with a definite end: he was to state the beliefs of youth as opposed to the contentions of age, to go over all the field where the two differ and produce a volume of pleadings which one might call *Life at Twenty-five.* And he was fitted for the task. He was a boy at heart; for all through life he was filled with the spirit of youth and adventure, and the world was to him, as it should be to all young men, "a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse exercise, and bracing, manly virtues." There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, he said, and, although we dwell on a small planet, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible like the stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. Life is to be judged not by its achievements only. "For to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive and the true success is to labour."

But no man can be twenty-five for ever. Many things changed, and he

with them. And so we see him changing with the changing years, now preaching high ambition and the strenuous life, and anon yearning for a share of the idler's knowledge of life at large and the Art of Living. In a characteristic passage he says that to be overwise is to ossify; and the scruple-monger ends by standing still.

> Now the man who has his heart on his sleeve, and a good whirling weathercock of a brain, who reckons his life as a thing to be dashingly used and cheerfully hazarded, makes a very different acquaintance of the world, keeps all his pulses going true and fast and gathers impetus as he runs, until, if he be running towards anything better than wild fire, he may shoot up and become a constellation in the end. (*Æs Triplex*)

In "Ordered South" he expresses the view that

> they are not perhaps the most fortunate who survive a long series of such impoverishments [death of those dear and near] till their own life and influence narrow gradually into a meagre limit of their own spirits, and death, when he comes at last, can destroy them at one blow.

A slightly greater age teaches him a slightly different wisdom. And he hastens to add that a man who fancies himself dying will get cold comfort from the very youthful view expressed in this essay:—

> He, as a living man, has some to help, some to love, some to correct; it may be, some to punish. These duties cling, not upon humanity, but upon the man himself....To die at such an age has, for all but the entirely base, something of the air of a betrayal. A man does not only reflect upon what he might have done in a future that is never to be his; but, beholding himself so early a deserter from the fight, he eats his heart for the good he might have done already. To have been so useless and now to lose all hope of being useful any more — there it is that death and memory assail him. And even if mankind shall go on founding heroic cities, practising heroic virtues, rising steadily from strength to strength, even if his work shall be fulfilled, his friends consoled, his wife remarried to a better than he, how shall this alter, in one jot, his estimation of a career which was his only business in this world, which was so fitfully pursued, and which is now so ineffectually to end?

This is yet another milestone in the life of one who was so constantly on the brink of death.

In "Crabbed Youth and Old Age," R. L. S. himself clinched the question with characteristic accent on the wisdom of youth:—

> When an old gentleman waggles his head and says: "Ah, so I thought when I was your age," it is not thought an answer, if the young man retorts: "My Venerable Sir, so I shall most probably think when I am

yours." And yet the one is as good as the other, pass for pass, tit for tat, a Roland for an Oliver.

No wonder that Stevenson persisted in thinking that "to hold the same views at forty as we held at twenty is to have been stupefied for a score of years, and take rank, not as a prophet, but as an unteachable brat."

The true wisdom, therefore, is to be seasonable, and to change with a good grace in changing circumstances:—

> To love playthings well as a child, to lead an adventurous and honourable youth, and to settle when the time arrives into a green and smiling age, is to be a good artist in life and deserve well of yourself and your neighbour.

This is not all. After his exhortation that life to be worth while must be "dashingly used" and "cheerfully hazarded" he does not fail to observe the beauty of that other life of which he writes so tenderly:—

> To sit still and contemplate,— to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are — is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness?

Stevenson knew that the span of life is brief and uncertain: all the more reason to fill it with purpose and joy. To be deeply interested in the accidents of our existence, "to enjoy keenly the mixed texture of human experience, rather leads a man to disregard precautions and risk his neck against a straw." As courage and intelligence are the two qualities best worth a good man's cultivation, so "it is the first part of intelligence to recognize our precarious estate in life and the first part of courage to be not at all abashed before the fact." He has no patience with the prophets of gloom and the grievance-mongers. He would give anything for the sight of a cheerful face. And, unlike some who only preach the gospel of work and cheer but are a plague to themselves and those around them, he accepted his condition with grace and rejoiced in the adventure of living. Forced to leave the shores of his own land, racked by an incurable malady that deprived him of the use of his right arm, he wandered over sea and land in search of health, settled down among strangers in faraway Samoa, made friends with the islanders and worked on cheerfully to the end, racing against time. Is there not something brave and magnificent in such a life?

Stevenson had something of the artist's eye for colour and the poet's instinct for the music of words, but he was at heart a lay preacher. His essays are not seldom sermons leavened with wholesome counsels on the

art of living. He says little of the mysteries and profundities of the life beyond. He was largely concerned with what the Greeks called the good life, life made happy by reason and goodwill and the spirit of adventure and kinship with the world that make for the joy of living and fulfilment. He was content to minister to the things that are human nature's daily food, seldom soaring into the regions of mortification and inexorable duties. He held that pleasures are more beneficial than duties—and he was no Epicure either. The Kingdom of Heaven is of the childlike, he said,

> of those who are easy to please, who love and give pleasure.... Gentleness and cheerfulness, these come before all morality, they are the perfect duties. It was the moral man, the Pharisee whom Christ could not away with. If your morals make you dreary, depend upon it they are wrong. I do not say "give them up," for they may be all you have; but conceal them like a vice, lest they should spoil the lives of better and simpler people.

It is probable, said Stevenson, that nearly all who think of conduct at all, think of it too much; it is certain we all think too much of sin.

> To make our idea of morality centre on forbidden acts is to defile the imagination and to introduce into our judgments of our fellow men a secret element of gusto. If a thing is wrong for us, we should not dwell upon the thought of it; or we shall soon dwell upon it with inverted pleasure.

And then, a person with

> a mortified appetite is never a wise companion, in so far as he has had to mortify an appetite, he will still be the worse man; and of such an one a great deal of cheerfulness will be required in judging life, and a great deal of humility in judging others.

As in nature so in life, people are impressed only by the picturesque or the bizarre and are insensible to what Wordsworth called the Unassuming Commonplace of Nature—the beauty of the green turf below and the starry sky above. Familiarity dulls the edge of wonder. We need a clap of thunder to rouse our interest in things. Insensible to the beauty and pathos of life around us, we demand something bold and spectacular in our hero. Stevenson saw that evidences of patience and courage and nobility and sacrifice and all the manly virtues are plentiful in small things as in great. They lie scattered about our feet—like flowers—in our tender dealings at home and in the grasp of friendly hands in need. What we lack is the seeing eye and the understanding mind and the gift of enduring astonishment. For the task before us, which is to co-endure with

our existence, is one of microscopic fineness, and the heroism required is that of patience.

> To be honest, to be kind — to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends but these without capitulation — above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself — here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.
>
> B. NATESAN

THE "HIGHER PATIENCE" alluded to also requires a care. It is the fine line between pride and humility. Both are extremes and mistakes; oscillations from one to the other are only a trifle better. How shall we be proud when we are so small? How dare we be humble when we are so great? In both we blaspheme. But there is that firm spot between the two which is the place "neither too high nor too low" on which Krishna told Arjuna to sit; a spot *of his own*. It is the firm place which our faith has won from the world. On it we are always to stand calmly, not overshadowed by any man however great, because each of us contains the potentialities of every other. "Not overshadowed" does not mean that we are not to show reverence to those through whom the soul speaks. It is the great soul we reverence, and not the mortal clay. We are to examine thoughtfully all that comes to us from such persons, and all that comes to us from any source wearing the aspect of truth, and try faithfully to see wherein it may be true, laying it aside, if we fail, as fruit not ripe for us yet. We are not to yield up our intuitions to any being, while we may largely doubt our judgment at all times. We are not to act without the inner asseveration, but we must not remain ignorant of the serious difficulty of separating this intuitive voice from the babble and prattle of fancy, desire, or pride. If we are just to ourselves we shall hold the balance evenly. How can we be just to any other who are not just to ourselves?

— JASPER NIEMAND

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

AUTHORSHIP AND AUTHORS *

WRITING ABOUT WRITING, or Authors on Authorship, has become almost an occupational disease. Perhaps only the jaundiced would call it so. Let us say, more genially, that the man of letters is so enamoured of his craft and of humanity that he longs to have the two meet and be friends. At the same time he enjoys his secret confidence that Mr. and Mrs. Brown and family cannot walk off with his holy of holies, no matter how many clues and mysteries he is letting them in on. Painters and composers are virtually free from this distinguished blabbery, for a very good reason: they work in a different medium. Unless they take time off from their own profession to de-code themselves, they can never harangue the simple citizen. But everyone — until television and dictaphone ruin us — can drive a pen on paper, and multitudes would "write a novel if they had time."

It may be this attitude that tempts professional authors such as André Maurois and the late Charles Morgan into hinting that the verb "to write" has two interpretations: that authorship on the higher planes is art, and all art means creation. Nothing easy or beflowered about the process. In fact, these sages hum with warnings. M. Maurois, prefacing his collected essays by a general discourse, says,

> the need to express oneself in writing springs from a maladjustment to life, or from an inner conflict . . . many of the finest writers have been the victims of ill health.

After this daunting start he continues with down-to-earth advice to the would-be novelist and biographer. Morgan grew serious over another sort of generality: the artist's responsibility to avoid authoritarian doctrine, to value life "in terms of Compassion, Beauty and Truth." "The duty of an artist," he declared,

> is not to impose his vision upon men but to open their eyes; not to capture men's minds or harness their opinions, but to bear witness continually, in his own work, that there is such a thing as singleness of mind or purity of heart. . . .

Now these indubitably fine sentiments were uttered in public gatherings that required much eloquence and persuasion on the lecturer's part. Morgan was preaching against commitment by creative writers to the ideological and political demands of a *régime*. (This, by the way, was before *Dr. Zhivago*.) But let us admit that he *was* preaching; that he made the cause of intellectual and spiritual freedom something to generate heat and call for banners. Yet he was sincere; no less sincere than is M. Maurois who affirms when discussing the novel,

> . . . the choice of a subject is . . . linked with the secret desires of the writer, and this explains how it is that the greatest novelists never cease, under a variety of masks, from writing the same book.

Here is the opposite tendency: while Morgan has allowed his argument to rise up gaseously, Maurois has contracted *his* into a rigid pellet and bound it with a thong. Each in its own line is as near the aimed-for truth as you can come with generalizations; hence my diffi-

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* *The Art of Writing*. By ANDRE MAUROIS. Translated by GERARD HOPKINS. (The Bodley Head, London. 320 pp. 1960. 18*s*.); ***The Writer and His World: Lectures and Essays***. By CHARLES MORGAN. (Macmillan and Company, Ltd., London. 219 pp. 1960. 21*s*.)

dence about Authors on Authorship.

Authors on *authors* can give us something far more valuable. The man with personal experience of the aims and subtleties in creative writing can go a good way down into the minds of his fellow professionals, besides unscrewing the surface-cover of their technical achievement to examine the complex machinery it conceals. Morgan's posthumous collection contains only a few studies of specific works, and they are the best in his bundle. (Trollope's maligned *Autobiography* has rarely found so cunning a defender.) Maurois, apart from his opening gambit — which, like most prologues, was an afterthought — devotes himself to individual writers. Here, then, we expect a wealth of luminous criticism. Unhappily, the curse of our age too often intervenes; an age — to go no further into questions of discord and disintegration — wherein economics tend to dictate the quality of output, and artistic liberty is in financial chains. If that is too portentous in the present context, we may compromise by noticing its penumbra in M. Maurois's work. Frequently he puts forth a graceful biographical story (especially when he turns aside from Frenchmen); saleable, suave and coloured with simplified sentiment.

We have, in fact, too many reminders of the Maurois whose best-selling *Ariel* came near to destroying Shelley for our century. Some scraps of Goethe are pegged down here in an episode entitled "Destiny, Two Women and a Carriage;" while another giant, Tolstoy, undergoes a meagre nibbling to small purpose. Even his compatriot Proust, in a more serious interpretative essay, is faintly infected by a *sweetening* bacillus.

However, the same angle of approach can lead to lucency in the studies of Stendhal, Balzac and Flaubert. Maurois is moved here by a writer's sympathy with the passionate beliefs these masters held. Discussing Turgenev, too, he slips into the vital, *sappy* analysis of a writer's personality that his dutiful prologue could not catch. Turgenev, as a serene, unvaunting craftsman, is worshipped for his style and artistry in Charles Morgan's delicate handling of *First Love*. Morgan, of course, will have his moral tincture, in this case surely justified when he sums up Turgenev as "a great artist and a gentle man of whom there is need in this restive, bitter and opinionated world."

It is the critic's focusing on a single author that can give us what for *that* author is the truth. Maurois's "secret desires of the writer" becomes a genuine observation when he analyzes Stendhal's ideas in terms of the types of character he chose: the man (or woman) Stendhal would have liked to be; the woman he would have liked to love. When Flaubert — the subject of Maurois's most rewarding study — said *"Madame Bovary, c'est moi,"* the case was more complex, since Flaubert was the greater artist. In him were Emma Bovary's romantic dreams, allied to the bitter perception of their hollowness. The resolution of these conflicting visions was not in terms of argument but of art. He disposed of every theory, generality and counsel save the one and ultimate, or elementary: "Free yourself more and more, when you write, from everything which is not pure art. Keep your eye upon the model; nothing else matters." That, again, would not have served for Tolstoy or Dickens; but it gave us *Bovary*. Every writer, as both Morgan and Maurois recognize *au fond*, may admire another author's generalship, but can only, and *must* only, use his own.

SYLVA NORMAN

India Today. By FRANK MORAES. (The Macmillan Company, New York. 248 pp. 1960. 10*s*. 6*d*.)

Both in America and in Europe there is a strong and growing demand for knowledge about India, and this book is an attempt to exploit the market for books about the great Republic in South-East Asia. But this book will not help people in the West to understand the problems of India; it will only give them a cursory knowledge of what they are. Anything like a comprehensive and clear exposition of the situation in India would require not merely a larger volume but a series of very large volumes. But the situation in India could be elucidated for the benefit of foreigners in a volume of 250 pages, if the author examined it from a personal standpoint and presented a personal view.

What Mr. Moraes has done with competence is to condense into this book the superficial knowledge upon which many journalists and politicians often base their opinions. His references to the demand for Linguistic States are an example. He says in one place:–

> Aside from the linguistic agitation which demands separate states or provinces on a linguistic basis, caste poses the most potent divisive threat to India.

There is no reason why linguistic states should be a divisive factor, and they are certainly not causing national disunity in India. They are an imperative necessity, and the fact that the administration in Andhra is carried on in Telugu and that in Gujarat in Gujarati is no reason why Hindi should not become the *lingua franca* of India. In Europe today six nations, speaking five languages, are forming a single state without a common language.

Mr. Moraes's view of the problem of linguistic states is the pattern of his approach to every other problem. As a journalist he is content to follow the course of public opinion and never aspires to do his own thinking and to give a lead to public opinion. This book is, therefore, a faithful reproduction of his journalism.

The style of the author only adds to the obscurity of the subject-matter. Here is a specimen:—

> In so far as India represents a palimpsest, with layers of disparate cultures ranging from the primitive to the modern, it reflects the myriad reaches of the Hindu mind which embraces the aboriginal in the jungle and the urban sophisticate who is often an impressive synthesis of East and West.

Discussing the prospect of the withdrawal of Mr. Nehru from the leadership of the nation, we are treated to the following:—

> In the untoward event of sudden death, the likelihood is that the administration with the gravitational pull of the conservative religious and social elements who are biding their time might swing to the extreme right, but in that event the pendulum pull to the extreme left would not be long delayed.

People in Europe and America who read this book with industry will certainly acquire a picture of the situation in India, but it will be a confusing and depressing one. It may, however, serve to persuade the more active and enterprising minds to investigate the major problems and search for prospective solutions, for only pessimists would conclude that India is driving up a dead-end lane.

Mr. Moraes has shown a correct understanding of the scope of his task, for his book is comprehensive. But he has attempted to do in less than 250 pages what cannot be accomplished in that space. It would have been better if he had not tried to dive into the depths of the Hindu religion to explain the difficulties of today and had limited himself to merely stating the facts of India's problems today.

SURENDRA KUMAR

The Method of Zen. By EUGEN HERRIGEL. Edited by HERMANN TAUSEND. Translated from the German by R. F. C. HULL. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, London. 102 pp. 1960. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This little book is a masterpiece. Professor Herrigel is the first person to present in reasonably simple language, understandable from the Western point of view, the inner mysteries of Zen. It is said that Zen is inexpressible in words; however, anyone who has the slightest knowledge of the subject, and even those who have not, cannot fail to see, underlying the form of words, the true meaning expressed of the inexpressible; for Zen is a paradox which, though the physical eye may comprehend the written or spoken word thereof, it is the perception by the heart of the inner meaning which must, in the end, do the true comprehending. Professor Herrigel has made this form of comprehension possible. Two quotations from a book full of such gems must suffice here.

> ...enlightenment consists in a pure vision of the same truths with which the work of meditation begins. The insights that prompted the retreat from the world return again in abstract form, devoid of all admixture of emotion, thus sanctioning the original experience of the Buddha which started him on the way to enlightenment. Is not this result explained by the fact that the theme for meditation becomes, as it were, a fixed idea?

> The *unio mystica* in Zen therefore means home-coming, restoration of an original state now lost.

There is no more clear description of Zen in print. Not only does Professor Herrigel describe Zen enlightenment, he goes on, in the chapter on higher stages of meditation, to tell how to achieve this most desirable end. This does not mean that everyone who reads this book will become enlightened, but it does mean that we have an understandable treatise that will certainly lead us in the desired direction.

PEGGY T. N. KENNETT

The Prophets of Israel. By C. ROSS MILLEY. (Philosophical Library, New York. 143 pp. 1959. $3.75)

This book is a new presentation of a subject that has been already thoroughly dug into by hundreds of modern Biblical scholars throughout the nineteenth century and in our own time.

The basic characteristic of this approach is to distinguish in the Bible stages of development: from a primitive religion centralizing around a local desert Deity by the name of Yahweh, the ancient Israelites are seen gradually developing into a monotheistic and highly ethical faith. While the earlier Prophets like Elijah and Elisha are occupied in a war against the local Canaanite Gods in order to establish the exclusive reign of Yahweh, the great Prophets from the eighth century B.C. and onward are mainly aiming at the purification of the religion from the stress on cult and ceremony into a more refined religion, where that which really matters is the ethical way of life. The various Prophets, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micha, Jeremiah, Ezekiel and Deutero-Isaiah, are described as stages in the development of the ethical monotheism of ancient Israel.

Since there was hardly any new discovery that our author attempted to bring (he frankly admits that he has no claim to write anything "startling new" and one may omit the "startling" as well), we could have expected a different organization of the material, but even here there is nothing new. This is, of course, no denigration of the book; in such a subject as this we hardly expect "new" discoveries. In India this book will do much good — as the field of Biblical scholarship is extremely limited in India, where most

knowledge of the Bible is derived from missionaries, ministers and priests, most of whom have a rather Orthodox and fundamental point of view in matters concerning Biblical scholarship.

ELISHA NATTIV

Hindu Gods and Hidden Mysteries. By GOVIND KRISHNA PILLAI. (Kitab Mahal, Allahabad. 126 pp. 1960. Rs. 4.00; 7*s.* 6*d.*; $1.00)

This book contains interesting information about the conceptions represented by such gods as Shiva, Kali, Agni, Indra, Varuna and Vishnu. In order to get this information, however, the reader must approach the book with patience and forbearance, for it is neither well written nor well produced. It forms one of a series written under the slogan "India Without Misrepresentation." The present work takes ancestor-worship as the starting point of religious thought, and seeks to show that idols and idol-worship followed from there. In clinging uncritically to this widely held explanation of the beginning of religious thought, the author ignores an important factor in human psychology that has come to be regarded as a more fundamental explanation of man's spiritual development. This is the inherent human ideal of infinite power, an ideal which constantly leads man on to struggle to transcend the limitations of the senses, and which is thus the real germ of religion and the real explanation of both ancestor-worship and the personification of the powers of nature.

A word to the publishers of this book is called for. The printed word has a sacredness of its own. To print typographical errors and spelling mistakes that could be rectified in a moment by reference to a dictionary should therefore be regarded as sacrilege.

IRENE R. RAY

The Art of Spiritual Healing. By JOEL S. GOLDSMITH. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 190 pp. 1960. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

This book, like its predecessor *The Infinite Way,* is the outcome of an experience which the author had in 1928, an experience which has changed the course of his subsequent life. In his introductory chapter he writes:—

> While in meditation with one who was truly illumined, the Spirit descended upon me and I was lifted out of what we might call "this world." After that the things of this world no longer attracted me, and from then on my whole life was lived in my inner being with the Bible, with metaphysical and mystical writings, and in the company of those on the spiritual path. All the rest of my life dropped away. Those two hours changed the entire course of my life because when I had received the illumination that took me out of the business world and into the spiritual healing ministry, which has resulted in a continuity of unfoldment from that moment to this.

The last thing I should like to do, whilst reviewing Mr. Goldsmith's book, would be to belittle in any way the experience which suddenly came to him and which has changed so much for him. So far as a reviewer can tell it possessed the characteristics of a genuine mystical experience, but does such a moment of illumination necessarily equip one for writing a book on *The Art of Spiritual Healing*? According to the publisher's blurb: "This book contains an exposition of the principles of healing as well as a manual of practice." In other words, this book is supposed to teach the reader something about the principles and the practice of spiritual healing and it must be examined and judged as such.

All that I can say is that, having

read this work, I know no more about the practice of spiritual healing, the methods it employs, its successes and its failures than I did when I first opened its covers. I am not even sure that the author of the book has himself acted as a vehicle for spiritual healing. I assume that he has, for in the penultimate chapter of his book he writes:—

> And so it is that in the beginning of our spiritual healing work, we would be very much discouraged if we were expected to achieve 100 per cent success. Despite the fact that we are not outwardly manifesting that degree of success in demonstration, we do know the goal.... The goal is the attainment of that mind which was in Christ Jesus.

In other words, this book is not really a book about spiritual healing. Like its predecessor *The Infinite Way* it deals with the attainment of a higher state of being and with all that this may bring with it — including a better state of mental and bodily health. I must look elsewhere for information about the "laying on of hands" and about healing following prayer.

KENNETH WALKER

Deepanjali. By INDIRA DEVI and DILIP KUMAR ROY. Hindi and English. (Allies Book Stall, Poona. 192 pp. 1960. Rs. 3.50)

In the Foreword we are told that this book, containing 167 Hindi *bhajans* and 33 English translations, is the fourth collection of Indira Devi's devotional songs, which have been rightly compared with Mira's songs.

> Both possess the ring and cadence of the same melody. The difference between the two personalities is but a difference of lilt and joy of the same consciousness — from age to age one only evolves into a richer manifestation through the other.

In these words Srimati Anirvan has very correctly described Indira Devi's songs and her complete dedication to Krishna. Mira used to consider herself an incarnation of Lalita, a *sakhi* (friend) of Radha, who was the greatest devotee of Krishna. Therefore it is not at all out of place that Indira Devi, equally deeply in love with Krishna, should be considered by Shri Dilip Kumar Roy "in contact with Mira singing." In such rapturous moods, almost in trance, she dictates the songs with tears in her eyes, which speak the pure message of Mira's world-oblivious love for Krishna. It is the purest devotion of an inspired soul and complete dedication that is manifested in the *bhajans* of Indira Devi. It is true that nobody can say whence arises this mystic longing, this overwhelming aspiration to self-surrender; but one can see it in Indira Devi and in her songs. Her whole personality is surcharged with Love for love's sake — *ahetuk prem* — which knows only love and wants nothing in reward, not even *moksha*, salvation. She considers human bodies or moulds as the *pradips* (clay lamps). She holds that we do not count till we make our lives into lamps to manifest the Lord's Light.

Therefore such a personality as has been reflected in these songs fulfils in great measure the "overwhelming necessity to men of pure love for the Lord." She could easily be termed a Mira of the modern age. There is not a single line in the whole book which does not reflect her deep love for and devotion to the Lord Krishna. Her approach and expression exactly resembles that of Mira's, who was a great mystic lover of Krishna.

As regards the Hindi transcription, I feel that some care ought to have been taken to avoid simple spelling mistakes. The orthography should not have been forced to accord with the

metre and the tune of the *bhajans*. Such adjustments can be made extempore in actual singing.

INDUPRAKASH PANDEY

The Forms of Things Unknown: Essays towards an Æsthetic Philosophy. By HERBERT READ. (Faber and Faber, Ltd., London. 248 pp. Illustrated. 1960. 25*s*.)

A German poet whose obscurity of writing raised considerable controversy among his compatriots was one day approached by a delegation of undergraduates. What did the young fellows want? They congratulated the poet on his eminence and declared themselves fortunate in being born in an era which appreciated the work of the master, and finally begged him to explain the meaning of certain passages of his poetry. The poet meditated for a while as he weighed the tomes of his *Gesammelte Werke* and then announced:—

> I am not quite sure of the meaning myself. But [he exhorted them] as lovers of literature you should continue to discuss among yourselves the questions you have now raised. And, maybe, some of you will prepare doctoral dissertations on my poetry and thus aid posterity to discover the true import of my abstruser passages.

This happened many decades ago, and the poet in question is now well-nigh forgotten. Only specialists in German literature bother about him today. However that may be, this anecdote comes to the mind of the present reviewer whenever he sees a collection of fashionable junk, conveniently labelled "Modern Art" to befuddle the beholder. Some of these specimens are, according to Jung, attempts of schizophrenics to express themselves, and are certainly symptomatic of our era. The present volume consists of a number of essays in which Sir Herbert Read has made a bold attempt to elucidate not only what is obscure but also what is naïve, repellent, or repulsive in "Modern Art." These essays are by no means shining examples of lucidity; they are not easy to read and are as indigestible as German Knödels, some of them being reprints of addresses delivered to the Eranos gatherings (held under Teutonic auspices) on Lago Maggiore. All the same, it is a book of good intentions. It contains many pithy aphorisms — at times contradictory — which may be useful to those who write on "Modern Art." Sir Herbert has been fighting against Philistinism and indifference to art for many years, and he is considered an authority, though one may not always agree with him. The book is well produced for its price, and this has been possible thanks, it seems, to the generosity of the Bollingen Foundation in New York.

SUDHIN GHOSE

Life's Long Journey. By KENNETH WALKER. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. xiii+191 pp. 1960. 21*s*.)

Common Sense can agree with the author that Natural Selection is only one factor in evolution. The main evolutionary route from humble organisms to man winds through a bewildering array of plants and animals. The book interestingly describes numerous explanations of evolution. These, by their variety, emphasize the pervasive belief that evolution has occurred. The variations responsible are *produced* before they are *selected*.

Life, the author maintains, though a prime factor in evolution, eludes full comprehension. He affirms, however, a panvitalism that suggests panpsychism. Life is latent even in the apparently inanimate objects of the "living and intelligent universe." He

expressly takes *mind* to be "co-extensive with life." This involves a mind in each cell of the human body. The associated "glimmers of consciousness" make each member of the multitude a "self." The author soothes protest by abandoning any claim to be "a unified and integrated whole."

Because Nature "equipped" man essentially "for action" he is now "primarily a *maker* and a *doer*." Since "mechanical explanations" are "congenial to the human mind," Science, the author systematically maintains, has imposed mechanical versions upon life. This mechanistic burden must be dropped before Homo Faber can become Homo Sapiens.

A. R. Wallace hypothetically presumed in man a "spiritual essence" he had "not derived from his animal progenitors." Such a "working hypothesis," the author thinks, may help to order a "welter of unrelated facts." To evolve further man must transcend his "personality" or "ego" to reach something "both above and beyond it." To religion, in the wide sense, that "affects the whole man and not merely his reason," he must turn for help. Gurdjieff's Fourth Way along knowledge and being presents an alternative.

JOSHUA C. GREGORY

Freud and Dewey on the Nature of Man. By MORTON LEVITT. (Philosophical Library, New York. 180 pp. 1960. $3.75)

Freud and Dewey are two modern thinkers who have influenced the life and thought of many a man almost all over the world. It cannot be claimed that their influence has been always beneficial. None the less, Freud in the realm of mind and Dewey in that of education and learning by man, occupy supreme positions today. They are studied by all students of psychology and education everywhere. It was, therefore, a pleasure to go through this comparative study of two intellectual giants of the present century. Dr. Levitt has admirably succeeded in showing similarities in apparently contradictory personalities. One is impressed indeed by the wide range of congruence between Freud and Dewey. Dr. Laurence K. Frank has increased the value of this book by his concise and cogent comments. While recommending this publication to readers interested in the nature of man, it is to be borne in mind that in India we have a different conception in regard to the nature of man. The study of the Vedanta may prove fruitful to those who deny the divine nature of man. It is hoped that Dr. Levitt may some day feel inclined to study the nature of man as described by Oriental thinkers.

SITA RAM JAYASWAL

Varied Rhythms. By YUVRAJ KARAN SINGH. (Asia Publishing House, Bombay. 102 pp. 1960. Rs. 8.00)

This is a miscellany of verse and prose, of short and long (and of light and heavy) articles. The longest (occupying about forty pages) is an account of a visit to the Soviet Union ("a great country and a great people"), and it is interesting and informative enough; but how much can one see in the course of a quick conducted tour? Khrushchev is quoted as saying: "Communism is a great idea. . . . Its essence is material goods. . . ." That is at once the defence and the defect of Communism. Man cannot live without bread; but shall man live by bread

alone? Anyhow, no definitive conclusions or appraisals can emerge from a few days' aerial jaunt to so distant, strange and extensive a country as Russia. Some of the other items, again — the formal addresses, for example — are not of much consequence; there is a voice but no personality behind them. But essays like "A Visit to Leh," "The Glory of Amarnath" and "On Travelling by Train" have a more intimate quality, while the essay on Sri Aurobindo manages to say much in little space. Of the verse pieces, some attempt rhyme and metre, while others avoid these shackles. The ideas are right and appropriate enough, but the lightning compulsion of poetic utterance is wanting. Altogether, it is a promising first "sheaf" from which the reader may gauge, to quote Dr. S. Radhakrishnan (who contributes the Foreword), the author's "versatility of mind, wide learning and insight into the meaning of things and the mind of events." The price must be deemed excessive for a book of this size.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

A Matter of Death and Life: An Essay in Autobiography. By MICHAEL ADAM. (Ark Press, Marazion, Cornwall. 50 pp. 1959. 15*s*.)

In this slim but elegantly got-up book, Michael Adam explores temperamentally the "first and last" problem, the problem of Life and Death. The first of the epigraphs — "Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone" — gives, perhaps, the clue to Mr. Adam's labyrinthine meanderings. The whole paradox of terrestrial existence lies in this: living is really growing — growing or decaying — growing *and* decaying — growing, decaying, and finally dying. All things pass and change. All things grow and die. On the other hand, except the seed fall into the ground and die, it abides alone; there can be no plant, no tree; no flowers, no fruit. Death is the necessary prelude to life; and life is the unavoidable prologue to death. Mr. Adam's speculations follow a seemingly zig-zag course, but the drift is not very much in doubt:—

> I talk of death because I am not dead enough....
>
> What rises will fall. The breath that fills the bubble is what bursts it....
>
> Now my attention turned inward.... The world had failed me. It was in the nature of things to fail. The way out was inward.
>
> The deeper I sought the emptier I grew, until *I* was not to be found....
>
> I cannot know the truth, but there are moments when the lie is not.... And this is the truth for us now: to see the lie.
>
> I have ached after Eternity; now time is enough, and the dark and the bright daylong is time enough.
>
> When we do not want after anything, we want for nothing. All things are ours.

Make no demands, and all will be given unto you: and the moment, the present, the existence, is all; regrets, plans, hopes, all are vain. Mr. Adam's meditations have an eclectic quality, and his philosophy of existence is simple, easy and honest enough — not quite "easy," perhaps, but certainly simple and honest. The numerous drawings by Ben Shahn serve to heighten the significance of the book's current of ideas. It is a refreshing book because it will provoke the reader to think for himself about these problems and forge solutions of his own.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE

[This fine paper on an important subject was prepared specially by **Professor Robert Rein'l** for the Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, and discussed at a meeting on January 28th, 1958. The first part appeared last month ; the second and concluding part appears below.—ED.]

THE VALUE OF WORDS AND TERMS

II

IF incapacity is fundamental, for example a basic limitation such as Kant conceived for the human understanding, then there can be no practical concern for overcoming it — one does not overcome the impossible. However, if there are gradations of capacity, then those of less can look to those of greater capacity, provided they are convinced of the others' greatness. But inattention is the central problem. The capacity is there but not used. Where then may inattention be suspected?

Whenever one comes upon unquestioned assumptions or undefined terms it is always possible that valuation may have produced distortions of meaning. It is impossible to catalogue all the sources of distortion. Yet one can arrive at a very general classification by noting the possibility of diverging tendencies within the general outlook of scientific method.

Those interested not only in the special sciences but in the scientific outlook as applied to all fields of human interests are frequently classified as naturalists. An interesting feature of their position is that, once assumed, it appears all-encompassing and therefore self-sustaining. It is assumed that any meaningful investigation makes naturalistic assumptions, those embedded in scientific method. Thus if it is called upon to defend itself it must appeal to the assumptions that define it. This is brought out very clearly in a criticism of transcendentalism by Ernest Nagel. He says that knowledge cannot without confusion be identified with "intuitive insight"; claims to knowledge "must be capable of being tested" and the testing

> must be capable of being conducted by eventual reference to such evidence as counts in the responsible conduct of everyday affairs as well as of systematic inquiry in the sciences. Naturalists [he adds] are not engaged in question-begging when, through the use of the logic of scientific intelligence, they judge non-naturalistic accounts of the order of things to be unfounded.[15]

When the naturalist insists on the requirement of testability of meaning and truth, he does not think that he is involved in question-begging, because he does not believe that he has neglected any reasonable alternative. But one can ask him on this point whether he has really reached bedrock or whether the principle appears to him as basic because of the influence of what he prizes.

A naturalist should not be willing

[15] ERNEST NAGEL: "Naturalism Reconsidered," The Presidential Address to the American Philosophical Association, Eastern Division, 1954. From *Proceedings and Addresses of the American Philosophical Association*, 1954.

to say that he has reached an absolute foundation; such a position would require an intuitive basis, which he would reject as a source of knowledge. Also it would be difficult for him to say that he has reached the limit of his capacities when he conceives of dogmatism as the only alternative to the requirement of testability; for he regards all limits with suspicion. He would not like to hold that the principle of testability is only a stipulation; for it is conceived as a principle of actual and not of merely possible inquiry. Yet if he knows it as a principle of actual inquiry, it would require testing, and this presumably according to the very principle that is being tested, since no alternative form of knowledge is considered. The only remaining interpretation of the status of the principle appears to be that it and perhaps others are simply taken without question or, if questioned, are justified in terms of themselves. The sense of legitimacy of this procedure may be sustained by the values with which it is in agreement.

It is a persistent theme in naturalism that all definitions and assertions are capable of revision. Inquiry is a succession of problems. There is no judgment of fact — except possibly the mere report of the occurrence of a sense datum — that is capable of complete verification; and there is no empirical meaning that is capable of complete clarification. In specific cases we try our best to verify and clarify, but there comes a time when we have to say that what we have done is adequate for the purpose at hand. If we should then question the purpose, we should consider it in the light of further consequences, for this is a demand of the general principle of testing. The sense of futility that hovers over the notion of an infinite regress of verifications is cut short by the recognition that somewhere we must stop. Of course this does not tell us where we must stop — any more than the idea that some terms are indefinable tells us which terms are indefinable — but it lends plausibility to the limit we actually assume in specific cases in a way that resembles the comfort we find in statistics even though they do not govern the particular case. The tendency towards a limit is balanced by the opposing tendency towards revision. Both tendencies are reflected in the determination of particular meanings. At times we point out that a halt in the process of clarification and verification is only temporary; at other times we emphasize that analysis has a purpose and cannot proceed without limit. If both tendencies are not only characteristic of a disposition that is valued, but are sustained by it, this disposition will also act indirectly in the determination of particular meanings; in short, it will function as a regulative principle.

Such a disposition is found in the adventurous spirit. This spirit does not wish to be bound; yet it imposes upon itself a task or limit. It involves a tension between limitation and the unlimited. To one who lacks it, the same process may appear either boring or tragic. But the naturalist is an adventurer. Take away from him the possibility of further inquiry and he is in misery. He does not agree with Aristotle that there is contemplation as well as learning. The spirit of adventure is contentious. The adventurer plays a game against either others or himself. In the latter case he tries to outstrip himself. There is no adventure unless the problems are new and the self is challenged. The values associated with adventure are essentially biological; one is engaged in an ever-renewed struggle.

If the values that sustain the naturalistic position centre upon the spirit of adventure, then the naturalistic disposition is suffused with what the

Bhagavad-Gita calls *rajas*,[16] one of the three qualities or strands (*gunas*) that pervade existence. This suggests that the other two qualities, *sattva* and *tamas*, have corresponding theoretical positions.

Naturalism, as well as the disposition associated with it, is capable of deformation in either of two directions. One may emphasize the arbitrary element in naturalistic method, which corresponds to power. This is the tyrannical or dogmatic element in human thought. It contains a kind of blindness to the existence of other minds: not their denial — for all self-absorption involves the not-self as a foil — but a complete lack of respect for them. On the other hand, the competitive spirit (*rajas*), as distinguished from the *tamasic*, at least recognizes the threat involved — morally as well as materially — in the existence of another self, and, although its interest in the other is primarily selfish, it is not incapable of recognizing virtue in the other — human feeling here reaches the level of sportsmanship.[17] But the blindness and callousness of the tyrannical disposition is closely related to the quality of *tamas*, which is born of ignorance (*ajnana*).[18] In *tamas* there is lack of illumination (no faith in the achievement of understanding), consequently inactivity and heedlessness (because there is no resistance to overcome) and delusion (because one confronts the world with mere fantasy).[19] The naturalistic position is capable of a contrary modification. If there is such a thing as non-arbitrary completeness, thought may move in this direction. It would be the opposite of delusion because the completeness would be in the nature of *what* is thought. This modification is akin to the quality of *sattva*, which is characterized by peacefulness, lucidity, knowledge, and joy.[20]

The fact that *rajas* can have an important rôle to play in the regulation of meanings suggests that *sattva* and *tamas* have similar rôles. The man of *sattva*, at least the man who tends in this direction, is continually sustained by the faith that his mind is approaching completeness of understanding. But it is difficult to see how completeness of understanding can be interpreted except in intuitive or non-discursive terms, for all discursive understanding involves a symbolic process. The rôle that *sattva* can play in the regulation of meanings is an indirect one, for should the intuition be achieved the terms could be abandoned. The basis of the distortion that lies in the *sattvic* disposition is either a premature sense of completeness or a confusion of knowledge with the bliss that accompanies it. The man of *tamas*, on the other hand, believes that he finds whatever meaning he wishes, for he subjects himself to no principle[21] and is carried on the winds of feeling. The depth of his dissolution is the loss of all discrimination (the loss of all).[22] Because he has not subjected himself to mental discipline, all that is left to this thought — as he approaches the limit of his tendency — is words, not

[16] The fact that every "limit" is swallowed up in the process is one explanation of "attachment to action."

[17] The other individual is at least respected as a *thing* — in the sense in which any fact may be respected — if not as a *person*.

[18] *Bhagavad-Gita*, 14 : 8.

[19] *Ibid.*, 14 : 13. Refer this and what follows to WILLIAM Q. JUDGE, trs. (The United Lodge of Theosophists, Los Angeles. 1920).

[20] *Ibid.*, 14 : 6.

[21] *Ibid.*, 16 : 16 (*anekacittavibhrāntā mohajālasamāvṛtāh*).

[22] *Ibid.*, 2 : 63 (*buddhināśāt praṇaśyati*).

terms, only sounds and shapes, clear perhaps in themselves, but without significance.

It has been possible, in this brief space, only to suggest an area of investigation, namely the relationship between the *gunas* and the apparent achievement of meaning. In the case of *sattva* the function of language appears to be one not of elaboration or analysis, but of a turning of the mind back in the direction of what is simple. It was this that Plato conceived to be the function of *dialectic*. The goal entails a dispensing with the need for symbols. *Tamas*, on the other hand, ends by dispensing with meaning, retaining only the symbols. *Rajas* finds an instrumental value in terms, but no ultimate intrinsic value either in understanding or enjoyment. *Sattva* alone approaches intrinsic value in knowledge (cognition); approaches, that is, because it contains an inherent source of bias. One can become attached to the bliss that accompanies knowledge, and in this case knowledge is no longer grasped in its purity. An individual can be concerned with knowledge itself or with knowing. Granted, if he knows, he is involved in the knowing, but knowledge is not his possession. Knowledge is not the possession of knowledge any more than a coat is the possession of a coat. Knowledge as possessed is knowledge surrounded by an atmosphere of personality. Unless knowledge can be chosen for its own sake and not for its consequence, bliss, there is no intrinsic value in knowledge. If there is no intrinsic value in knowledge, there is no way ever of being free from the possibility of distorting dispositions. To free oneself from the possibility of distortion is to transcend the *gunas*. This is the ultimate basis found in the *Bhagavad-Gita* for the assessment of the value of words and terms. A similar basis is found in Plato's *Republic*. The philosopher who has attained to the highest knowledge has transcended justice and the other virtues[23] (wisdom, courage, and temperance, which are related to reason, spirit and appetite). He does not desire to return to the "cave" and govern men,[24] but in returning he demonstrates the transcendence of bliss.

ROBERT REIN'L

A LETTER FROM LONDON

October 25th, 1960

IF THERE WERE any pretensions after the Scarborough Conference that the Labour Party was still a single party, they have been scattered to the winds by the challenge which Mr. Harold Wilson has thrown down to the leadership of Mr. Gaitskell. Whatever may be the result of the ballot in the Parliamentary Labour Party, the party as a whole is irretrievably split. If Mr. Gaitskell is re-elected, Mr. Wilson and his supporters would constitute a different party. If Mr. Wilson is elected, Mr. Gaitskell would lead an independent group.

The position taken up by Mr. Gaitskell is that the decision of the Scarborough Conference on Defence does not represent the view of the majority of the party, and that it is his duty as the leader to seek a reversal of that decision at the next conference. Obviously, if the next conference confirms the decision of the Scarborough Con-

[23] *The Republic*, 6 : m.p. 503.

[24] *Ibid.*, 7 : m.p. 520.

ference, Mr. Gaitskell would have not merely to give up the leadership but also to quit the party.

But even if the decision of the Scarborough Conference on Defence represented the views of the majority of the party, the Labour Members of the House of Commons cannot abandon the official policy of the party, because it is upon the basis of that policy that they were returned to Parliament. Moreover, abandonment of the official policy would be contrary to the established principle that Members of the House of Commons are responsible only to the electors who returned them to Parliament, and are not subject to dictation from a party machine or caucus.

During the General Election in 1945 Sir (then Mr.) Winston Churchill declared that a Labour Government would take its policy from the Labour Party Conference or the Labour Executive and not be subject to the control of the House of Commons. Earl (then Mr.) Attlee at once categorically repudiated the suggestion and explained that Labour Members of Parliament were responsible only to the electors.

The issue raised by Mr. Wilson is, however, even more fundamental. It is whether Members of Parliament should abandon their convictions on a matter of vital national importance at the dictation of a political organization. What he is trying to do is to compel the parliamentary Labour Party to adopt the decision of the Scarborough Conference on Defence upon the ground that it is the only means by which the unity of the party could be preserved. Mr. Gaitskell struck a hammer blow at the speciousness of the argument of Mr. Wilson in a speech at a tea party in a Cardiff hotel.

Mr. Gaitskell is at the moment an heroic figure in politics. He is fighting for an elementary principle and firmly established canon of British public life. That is that Members of Parliament must be loyal to their convictions and not change their opinions on grounds of political expediency.

The present conflict within the Labour Party was inevitable. There has always been a section of the party which has stood for the imposition of a majority decision at an annual conference upon the parliamentary Labour Party regardless of the fact that a Member of the House of Commons is responsible only to the electors who sent him there.

It is an interesting coincidence that, while an issue of principle divides the Labour Party, there should also be a controversy raging in regard to the preservation of an independent Press. The closure of the *News Chronicle* and the *Star,* following upon the disappearance of the *Empire News,* has given a great shock to the public. Every one now recognizes that the further contraction of the Press would create a most unhealthy state of affairs. No one has, however, so far come forward with a solution of the problem.

The basic weakness of a newspaper lies in its dependence upon advertising. The only way in which that can be eliminated is the raising of the prices of newspapers. Such a solution is rejected by *The Times* in a short leader this morning. It says:—

> Newspaper sales would come down with a severe bump if "economic prices" became the rule. More newspapers would close.

What that comment means is that newspapers which, like *The Times,* are doing well upon the present basis do not want a change. If, in fact, the public would not buy newspapers at "economic prices," then smaller circulations would represent the true value set by the public on their newspapers. There is, however, no reason whatever to suppose that there would be a "severe bump" in newspaper sales, if the price of a "popular newspaper" was

raised from two and a half pence to, say, fourpence.

The reason why newspapers are collapsing is that nearly all of them follow a single pattern and that there is no originality of thought or individuality of character in the newspapers. It is journalists who make newspapers, and there are not many journalists with original ideas on the British Press today. For at least half a century imitation of American newspapers has been the dominant gospel in Fleet Street.

SUNDER KABADI

A LEAF FROM A PARIS DIARY

[**Shri Baldoon Dhingra** writes interestingly of his share in the preparations for the Tagore Centenary.—ED.]

I HAVE BEEN up to the ears, as they say, in trying to take charge of all arrangements for the production of *Chitra* in a new French version prepared by George Fradier. The Director will be Sylvain Dhomme; the actress, the winner of last year's Prix de la Critique 1960, Reine Courtois; the theatre, UNESCO's Great Hall; and the occasion, the Tagore Centenary Celebration. The date will be November 16th, when Unesco's General Conference will have barely started and when Dr. S. Radhakrishnan will address the large gathering on the personality of the Poet.* The Vice-President's speech will start the evening and *Chitra* will try to synthesize Oriental and Western techniques, which will, I hope, augur well for the new Centre d'Echanges Culturels Orient-Occident (founded by the Congress for Cultural Freedom) which I direct and under whose auspices the play is being produced. It is planned that many UNESCO Delegations — from France, Germany, Ceylon, Poland, the United Arab Republic, Japan and India — will give a reception at the end of the play. It will be a wonderful opportunity for representatives from over ninety countries to hear, some for the first time, the name of Rabindranath Tagore and to consider him as one of them. For no one in modern times more deserves to be universally acknowledged as poet, painter, philosopher, educationist, than Rabindranath Tagore.

Chitra is pure poetry and much else. Cocteau once said that poetry is only numbers, algebra, geometry, operations and proofs, only neither the figures nor the proofs are seen. A long work may not be long. A small work may be great. *Chitra* is a great work. This *soiree* is expected to be well attended by world celebrities. Naturally, I am hoping with all my heart the function will be a success.

I have spent much time in trying to edit a special number of *Two Cities*, a bilingual (French-English) review, wholly devoted to Tagore. The number includes articles from Dr. Radhakrishnan, Romain Rolland, Humayun Kabir, Buddhadeva Bose, Amiya Chakravarty, Sudhin Ghose, Jean Paulhan, Jeannine Auboyer, and others. The full text of *Chitra* in its French adaptation will also be printed. In addition to the play, there will be several excerpts from the Poet's writings. The Director of the review, Jean Fanchette, a young poet from Ile Maurice, has gone to a good deal of expense to make this number possible. I am sure Tagore's work will now interest a new generation of peo-

* Shri Dhingra wrote in the middle of October.—ED.

ple. The older generation know the Poet, the young hardly at all and those who do think of him as a pure mystic, use the word in the pejorative sense and think his work has little application today. Few know Tagore as an educationist, leader, revolutionary and universalist. This Tagore number of 120 pages, to be published on November 14th, will be available to anyone who chooses to buy it for the relatively small sum of two and a half new francs.

BALDOON DHINGRA

CORRESPONDENCE

MISS MANNIN AND INDIA

I HAVE RECEIVED a cutting from the May issue of THE ARYAN PATH, with a review by Mr. Dennis Gray Stoll of my volume of autobiography *Brief Voices*. I am very distressed that he should make so extraordinary an assertion as that my visit to India in 1949 left me "cold and unfruitful." I am distressed because India was my first love in the East and is likely to be my last. It is true that India made "no spiritual impact" on me, as I wrote in *Brief Voices*, but it can hardly have been said to have been "unfruitful," since it produced two books, *Jungle Journey*, a travel book of the Indian journey, and a novel with an Indian background, *At Sundown the Tiger*. . . . The former was translated into Norwegian, the latter into German and Italian. The novel, also, was published in America, where its success was sufficient to warrant its appearance later as a paperback.

That India produced both these books is stated in *Brief Voices*.

In *Jungle Journey* I wrote:—

> She [India] is the Himalaya, and the primæval forests; she is the proud courage of the Pathans, and the humble courage of the Gonds; she is palms that lean against the sunset, and the smell of jasmine and tuberoses, boys with eyes like gazelles, and peasant women who carry themselves like queens; she is the Golden Temple of the Sikhs, and the white dream of the Taj Mahal. All this and more. She is impassiveness and resignation and the continual reaffirmation of belief in eternity. She is Mahabalipuram and the temples under the sea. She is the ever-present possibility of the moment of truth, of meeting the tiger face to face.

I am so very sorry that your reviewer mentions the two books I got out of my visit to Burma, some years later, but not these two books produced by my visit to India.

It may interest you to know that in my forthcoming book about Japan, *The Flowery Sword*, I have written this of India:—

> "Why did you fly Air India?" I was asked that, too. But I happen to like India, Indians and Indian food — which is vegetarian. So I returned to India after ten years, and though I had been to Burma in the meantime this seemed, curiously, the real return to the East. Japan is as far East as you can go, but it does not feel like the East, because the East is more than a matter of latitude; it is a condition.

I very much hope that you can correct the wrong impression given by your reviewer's notice of *Brief Voices* by publishing this letter . . . for love of India.

E. MANNIN

I AM SORRY, indeed, that my review has caused Miss Mannin distress. It is, as I think most readers would agree, a warmly appreciative one, full of admiration for her work. My remark that her visit to India was "cold and unfruitful" was inspired by Miss Mannin's own account of her Indian journey in *Brief Voices*, and not by an assessment of her *Jungle Journey* and *At Sundown the Tiger*. However, since she herself wishes to introduce these books into the case, may I say that they bear out rather than contradict what I wrote? In her *Jungle Journey* she reveals:—

> Chiefly I went to India, as I began this book by saying, because imagination was stirred by a single word — *jungle*. I went to renew and extend acquaintance with the East — and a big part of the extension was the satisfaction of setting foot in primeval forests.

Not only was there "no spiritual impact," as Miss Mannin herself admits, but a definitely primordial one.

Miss Mannin regrets that I mentioned her two recent Burmese books *Land of the Crested Lion* and *The Living Lotus*. I must, however, remain unrepentant of the compliment I paid her, for these two books show a sensitive awareness of the culture and spiritual life of the Burmese people, and no one hopes more than I do that she will one day serve India as well and as deeply.

I should like to make it quite clear that in my review I had no intention of reflecting on Miss Mannin's liking for Indian friends or Indian food. This is a purely personal matter on which I would not dream of commenting. The fact that she prefers to travel Air India rather than BOAC on her way to Japan does not affect the case at the level on which I was reviewing her autobiography. I was writing of the journey that the novelist makes within, and in India Miss Mannin has not travelled that road as far as she has in Burma — or so in all sincerity it seems to me. It will give me and her many readers great joy if this correspondence stimulates her to publish another novel on India, especially since her last *At Sundown the Tiger* was written more than ten years ago.

DENNIS GRAY STOLL

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The word "spiritual" has suffered the ups and downs that most words of any importance have undergone, so that, at times, it has been almost synonymous with "weak," "superstitious," "unreal," or else it has been equated with an emotionally charged state.

It is interesting, therefore, to note the signs of upgrading once more. Not only is it associated with the growing interest in religion and religions, but it is increasingly used as a desirable objective or qualification in matters often considered worldly and commercial.

The international Frankfurt Book Fair, West Germany, held last September, was viewed by a B.B.C. speaker as "a commodity market dealing in futures; literary futures." (*The Listener,* October 20th, 1960). It was attended by 680 German publishing firms, 223 British, and just under 1,000 from other countries. At it are fixed publishing, translation, paper-back rights etc., foreign editions of art books, or the formation of international publishing groups for some extra-expensive venture. But, at its inaugural ceremony, M. Maurice Bourdel, President of the French Association of Publishers, gave a deeper significance to it as a reflection of a modern world without frontiers which believed that it was the thought which remained decisive — the most effective weapon in the struggle for *rapprochement* and understanding among the nations.

One could not help being impressed by the very character of the presentation, by its wide scope and significance in the world today. Where else could one find such a manifestation of spirituality, where the desire for spiritual interpretation was so profound.

Their profession must, of course, obey certain economic imperatives, and it would be pointless to minimize or neglect them, yet their first duty was to promote the intellectual and spiritual values of our time. It was their task to make works of art and scientific and technological discoveries known and to press back — a little further each day — the barriers which might retard their publication and dissemination.

The human genius could not be the exclusive property of any particular nation. No country had the right to claim such for itself alone, for it was an integral part of a universal heritage. Human culture was too precious a wealth for the understanding as well as for the well-being of every living person, and they must make every effort to give it as great a radius of action as possible. . . .

The intellectual equilibrium of the world, declared M. Bourdel, depended as much on the book trade as on the thinkers, the scholars, the writers and creative artists. What they succeeded in disseminating would become the safest guarantee of the evolution of thousands of millions of human beings (*The Bookseller,* October 1st, 1960).

The same note was also struck by Mr. M. Cohen, the President of the International Organization of Booksellers' Associations.

The Annual Lecture of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Association was given on October 11th, 1960, at University College, London, by Lady Mander (R. Glyn Grylls), with Lord Abinger in the Chair. The speaker used a

neat wit and ample factual ammunition from various sources to puncture "The Shelley Myths," whether sentimental, derogatory or built up by far from disinterested friends. She reminded her listeners, with a twinkle, as she paid tribute to her authorities, that to quote from one person is plagiarism, to quote from several is — research.

The myths referred to Shelley's work and reputation, and to his character. Claims that his work had (1) been neglected and (2) been slashed by the critics were mutually cancelling. In fact, the amount of publicity Shelley received during his short seven years of writing would have satisfied most modern writers. As for the criticism itself, what was critical was well layered between such terms as "gifted" and "genius." The second type of myth portrayed him as impracticable in character, but Arnold's over well-known label of "ineffectual angel" and Maurois's image of "Ariel" were both distorted, since Shelley had a most practical and knowledgeable grasp of scientific experiment. Even the internal evidence of his poems (extracts from which were read) shows it. Only in the original sense of angel as "messenger" could Shelley be termed such, and the speaker hoped she had cleared away some of the clouds round his memory. The best way, however, was for people to go to his writings themselves.

To safeguard the physical and mental well-being of the American people against the ill effects of untested drugs foisted on a gullible public by the manufacturers, the *Saturday Review* for November 5th, 1960, has published the recommendations of the National Academy of Sciences regarding the policies and procedures of the Food and Drug Administration, for urgent inclusion in the law of the land.

The proposals are considered an extremely tough set of reform demands put forward by an independent body of qualified and top-rank scientists. Yet they appear to have failed to evoke the desired reaction on the politicians and State legislatures because the report did not bring out clearly and forcibly the real meaning, which is not in the lines but between them.

American specialists in antibiotic therapy strongly condemn the use of fixed combinations of antibiotics as "shot-gun" treatments which are opposed to "medicine's traditionally precise diagnostic practice." According to them, the use of a drug, though not showing adverse reactions, might, if its action is ineffective, jeopardize the recovery of a sick person.

It is little realized by a majority of people that many common proprietory drugs (patent medicines) contain potentially dangerous ingredients which can cause serious conditions such as cardiac weakness, jaundice, vertigo, mental disorders, coronary heart attack, mesenteric thrombosis, cerebral hæmorrhage and even death. When they are made available for public use with very little or no really effective testing, serious disturbances are bound to result in the public health of the nation.

Hence it is hoped that the concern voiced by the *Saturday Review* and the campaign undertaken by it will not only result in bringing about stringent measures for the control of drug marketing in America, but also prove an eye-opener to other countries and nations who are adopting such modern developments without due regard and consideration for the ensuing after-effects and adverse reactions.

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